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Farmer

Merry Songs and Ballads

NATIONAL BALLAD AND SONG

Merry Songs and Ballads

PRIOR TO THE YEAR A.D. 1800

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

VOLUME IV

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

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Merry Songs and Ballads

THE DESCRIPTION OF WEOMEN

[*c.* 1610-20]

[From *The Rawlinson MS.*, Poet. 216].

All you that lovers be,
  and like the amorus trade,
Come learne of me, what weomen be,
  and whereof they be made.

There heades are made of llash, [? ffash. *MS.*]
  their tongues are made of saye,
Their loue, of silken changeable,
  that lasteth but a daye.

Their witt, mockador is,
  of durance is their hate,

The food they feed on most is caipe,
their gaming is checkmate.

Of fustan their discourse
their zeale is made of frees,
and they that on their fauour wayte,
gett most when most they leese.

Their glory springes from satten,
their vanity from feather,
Their bewty is stand further of,
their conscience made of leather.

Their humors water chamblett,
but canvass fitts them best;
Perpetuana is their folly,
their earnest is but iest.

Their life is loue in Heues,
their doeinges ar their pleasure;
They lawles are, yet all they weare,
They buy standing measure.

Their eyes are made of lecke,
their lippes of soppes in wyne:
The worst of them the elder is,
their longing thoughtes are pyne.

Their forepartes are of rue,
their hinder partes of dockes;

of hardest brasse, are their hartes,
their handes are made of box.

There malice is of lead,
there avarice of money,
There subtiltye of fox furr is,
there traffique is of coney.

Or if, in playner termes,
they would with-all be delte,
Of bever are there snowe-white thighes,
there thinges are made of felte.

THE MOWER

[*c.* 1610-20]

[From *The Rawlinson MS.*, Poet. 216].

Downe in the medow, the river running clear,
'twas in the month of July, the prime time of the year,
When many prity litle fishes in the brooks did play,
and many a lad and many a lass, abroad a making hay.

In came the mower, to mow the meddows down,
with his bag and botle, with ale that was so brown:
He took his sith with a courage bould,
and looking in the sky,
He sighed, he mowde, he swived, he blowed;
the grass rubs very dry.

'Salt sessons all things! quoth Salomon the wise;
And she that has a fatt [cunt] would make a [prick] rise;
But she that hath a leane one
and never a jot of hair,—
The divell take her napping,
As Moss did his mare.

DULCINA

[*b.* 1615]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 178 of MS.; attributed to SIR WALTER RALEIGH; earliest mentioned (1615) in registers of Stationer's Company; tune in CHAPPELL'S *English Songs*, p. 143].

As att noone Dulc[i]na rested
in her sweete & shadé bower,
there came a shepeard, & requested
in her lapp to sleepe an hower;
but from her looke a wound he tooke
soe deepe, *tha*t for a further boone
the Nimph he prayes; wherto shee sayes
"forgoe me now, come to me soone."

But in vayne shee did coniure him
to dep*art* her p*re*sence soe,
hauing thousand tounges to allure him,
& but one to say him noe.
where lipps invite, & eyes delyght,
& cheekes as red as rose in Iune
p*er*swade delay, what boots shee say
"forgoe me now, &c."

Words whose hopes might have enioyned
him to lett Dulcina sleepe.
Can a mans loue be confined,
or a mayd her *pro*mise keepe?
But hee her wast still held as ffast
as shee was constant to her tune,
though neere soe fayre her speechers were,
"forgoe me now, &c."

He demands, "what time or pleasure
can there be more soone then now?"
shee sayes, "night giues loue *tha*t leysure
that the day cannott allow."
"the said kind sight forgiues delight,"
q*uo*th hee, "more easilye then the moone."
"In Venus playes be bold," shee sayes,
"forgoe me now, &c."

But who knowes how agreed these loues?
Shee was fayre, & he was younge;
tounge may tell what eyes discouer;
Ioyes vnseene are neu*er* songe.
did shee consent or he relent?
accepts he night, or grants shee none?
left hee her Mayd or not? shee sayd
"forgoe me now, come to me soone."

OFF ALLE THE SEAES

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 455 of MS.].

Off all the seas *that*s cominge,
of all the woods *that*s risinge,
of all the ffishes in the sea,
giue me a womans swiuinge.

ffor shee hath pretty ffancyes
to passe away the night;
& shee hath pretty pleasures
to coniure downe a spritt.

My ffather gaue me Land,
my mother gaue me mony,
& I haue spent itt euery whitt
in hunting of a Coney.

I hunted vp a hill,
a Coney did espye;
my fferrett seeing *that*,
into her hole did hye;

my fferrett seeing *that*,
into her hole did runn;
but when he came into her hole,
noe Coney cold be ffound.

I put itt in againe;
itt ffound her out att Last;
the Coney then betwixt her leggs
did hold my fferrett ffast,

Till *that* it was soe weake,
alacke, itt cold not stand!
my fferrett then out of her hole
did come vnto my hand.

All you *that* be good ffellowes,
giue hearing vnto me;
& if you wold a Coney hunt,
a blacke one lett itt bee;

ffor blacke ones are they best,
their Sckins will yeeld most money.
I wold to god *that* hee were hanged
that does not loue a Coney!

A FREINDE OF MINE

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 459 of MS.].

A ffreind of mine not long agoe
  desired att my hands
some pretty toy to moue delight
  to those *tha*t hearers stand.
the w*hi*ch I meane to gratiffye
  by all the meanes I may,
& moue delight in euery wight
  *tha*t w*i*th affection stay.

Some thought to proue wherin I shold
  these seuerall humors please,
the w*hi*ch to doe, reason fforbidds,
  lest I shold some displease;
but sith my muse doth plesure Chuse,
  & theron bends her skill,
wherby I may driue time away,
  & sorrowes quite beguile.

It was my Chance, not long agoe,
  by a pleasant wood to walke,

wheere I vnseene of any one
  did heare tow louers talke;
& as these louers forth did passe,
  hard by a pleasant shade,
hard by a mighty Pine tree there,
  their resting place they made.

"Insooth," then did this youngman say,
  "I thinke this ffragrant place
was only made for louers true
  eche others to inbrace."
hee tooke her by the middle small,—
  good sooth I doe not mocke,—
not meaning to doe any thing
  but to pull vpp her: smo: blocke

wheron shee sate, poore silly soule,
  to rest her weary bones.
this maid shee was noe whitt affraiyd,
  but shee caught him ffast by the: stones:
    thumbes;
wheratt he vext and greiued was,
  soe *tha*t his fflesh did wrinkle;
this maid shee was noe whitt affrayd,
  but caught him fast hold by the: pintle: pimple

w*hi*ch hee had on his chin likwise;—
  but lett the pimple passe;—
there is no man heare but he may supposse

shee weere a merry lasse.
he boldly ventured, being tall,
yet in his speech bu[t] blunt,
hee neu*er* ceast, but tooke vpp all,
and cacht her by the Cun: plumpe.

And red rose lipps he kisst full sweete:
q*uo*th shee, "I craue no sucour."
w*hi*ch made him to haue a mighty mind
to clipp, kisse, & to: ffuck: plucke her
into his armes. "nay! soft!" q*uo*th shee,
"what needeth all this doing?
ffor if you wilbe ruled by me,
you shall vse small time in wooinge.

"ffor I will lay me downe," q*uo*th shee,
"vpon the slippery seggs,
& all my clothes Ile trusse vp round,
and spread about my: leggs: eggs,
w*hi*ch I haue in my aperne heare
vnder my girdle tuckt;
soe shall I be most ffine and braue,
most ready to be: fuckt: ducket

"vnto some pleasant springing well;
ffor now itts time of the yeere
to decke, & bath, & trim ourselues
both head, hands, ffeet & geere."

O NAY: O NAY: NOT YETT

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 460 of MS.].

A young man walking alone,
abroad to take the ayre,
itt was his chance ffor him to meete
a maiden pasing ffaire.
desiring her of curtesiye
awhile with him downe sitt;
shee answered him most modestlye,
"O nay! O nay! not yett!"

"Forty crownes I will giue thee,
sweete hart, in good red gold,
if *that* I may thy ffauour haue,
thy bewtye to behold."
and then she spoke now readilye
and with a ready witt,
"I will not sell my honestye!
O nay! O nay! not yett!"

"Gold and mony is but drosse,
and worldly vanittye;

I doe esteeme more of the losse
of my virginitye!
but dost thou thinke I am soe madd,
or of soe litle witt
as ffor to sell my honestye?
O nay! O nay! not yett!"

They way to win a womans hart,
is quicklye to be breiffe,
and giue her *tha*t w*i*th-in ffew words
*tha*t will soone ease her greiffe.
"O ffye! O ffye! away!" sheele crye,
*tha*t loues a dainty bitt,
"I will not yeelde to Cupids lawes!
O nay! O nay! not yett!"

THE SEA CRABB

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 462 of MS.].

Itt was a man of Affrica had a ffaire wiffe,
ffairest *that* euer I saw the dayes of my liffe:
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

This goodwiffe was bigbellyed, & with a lad
& euer shee longed ffor a sea crabbe.
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

The goodman rise in the morning, & put on his hose,
he went to the sea syde, & ffollowed his nose.
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

Sais, "god speed, ffisherman, sayling on the sea,
hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell mee?"
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

"I haue Crabbs in my bote, one, tow, or three;
I haue Crabbs in my bote for to sell thee."
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

The good man went home, & ere he wist,
& put the Crabb in the Chamber pot where his wiffe pist.
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

The good wiffe, she went to doe as shee was wont;
vp start the Crabfish, & catcht her by the Cunt.
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

"Alas!" q*uo*th the goodwiffe, "*tha*t euer I was borne,
the devill is in the pispott, & has me on his horne."
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

"If thou be a crabb or crabfish by kind,
thoule let thy hold goe with a blast of cold wind."
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

The good man laid to his mouth, & began to blowe,
thinkeing therby *tha*t they Crab wold lett goe.

with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

"Alas!" q*uo*th the good man, "*tha*t euer I came hither,
he has ioyned my wiffes tayle & my nose together!"
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

They good man called his neigbors in with great wonder,
to p*a*rt his wiues tayle & his nose assunder.
with a ging, boyes, ginge! ginge, boyes, ginge!
tarradidle, ffarradidle, ging, boyes, ging!

NOW FYE ON DREAMES

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 499 of MS.].

Now ffye on dreames & ffond delights
  that occupye the minde!
tis worser ffor to dreame by nights
  then occupye by kind!
ffor if Cupid thy hart doth stryke
  with lead or golden fflight,
O then, O then, O then, in dreames
  thy thoughts strange things doe write!

Methought itt was my Chance to Clipp
  thee Creature I loued best,
& all alonge the ffeilds to tripp,
  to moue some sport or Iest,
& then & then, my [suite] I gan to pleade
  vnto *that* ffairest mayd;
But shee, but shee, would nought beleeue,
  w*hi*ch made me sore affrayd.

But yett by prayer & ernest suite
  I moued her att the Last;

yett cold I not inioye the ffruite
*tha*t hath soe pleasing tast.
but when, but when, *tha*t motyon I bewrayd;
shee still this answer said,
"O no! O no! O no! I will dye
ere I loose my maiden-head!"

Yett did shee giue me leaue to tuch
her ffoote, her legg, her knee;
a litle ffurther was not much,
they way I went was ffree.
"O ffye! O ffye! yo*ur* are to blame!" shee sayd,
"thus to vndoe a maid;
but yett, but yett, the time is so meete,
[that I am not affrayd].

Not Ioue himselfe more Iouyall was
when he bright dyana wonn;
Nor Hercules, *tha*t all men did passe,
when hee with distaffe spunn,
then I, then I, all ffeares when I had past,
& scalled the ffort att Last,
& on, & on, & on the same
my signes of victory placet.

But when Aurora, goddesse bright,
appeared ffrom the east,
and Morpheus, *tha*t drowsye wight,
withdrawen him to his rest;

O then, O then, my ioyes were altered cleane!
  which makes me still Complaine;
ffor I awaked, for I awaked, ffor I awaked; and
    I ffo[und]
  all this was but a dreame!

MEN THAT MORE

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 201 of MS.].

Men that more to the yard northe church
are oft enclined,
take young mayds now & then att lurch
to try their mind;
But younge maids now adayes are soe coy, *thé*
will not show
when they are in loue,
But for feare I oft say noe, when p*er*happs they wold
fayne doe if itt wold not proue.

If for a time for feare they bee wyllye
and seeme coy,
there is one *tha*t p*er*happs may beguile yee,
the blind boy;
heele strike home when he please; to the quicke
heele shoot
his shaft w*i*thout delay;
then theyle sigh & lament when, alas, their owne
kind hart
cannott say Nay.

The small fly *that* playeth with the candle
oft doth burne;
such young maids as doe loue for to dandle
once, may mourne.
lett flyes burne, & maids mourne, for in vaine
you do perswade
them from their folly;
Nature binds all their kinds now and then to
play the waggs
though thé seeme holy.

BLAME NOT A WOMAN

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 446 of MS.]

Blame not a woman although shee bee Lewd,
& *that* her ffaults they haue been knowne.
although shee doe offend, yett in time shee may
amend;
then blame her not ffor vsing of her owne,

But rather giue them praise, as they deserue,
when vice is banisht quite, & virtue in them
growne,
ffor *thats* their only tresure, & ffor to ffly vaine
pleasure.
then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.

There is many now a dayes *that* women will
dispraise:
out of a dru[n]ken humor when as their witts
are fflowne,
out of an Idle braine, with speeches Lewd & vaine
theile blame them still ffor vsinge of her owne.

But if woman shold not trade, how shold the
world increase?
if women all were nise, what seede shold then
be sowne?
if women all were coy, they wold breede mens
annoye;
then blame them not ffor vsing of their owne.

If any take offence att this my songe,
I thinke *that* no good maners he hath knowne.
wee all ffrom women came: why shold wee women
blame,
& ffor a litle vsing of their owne?

LYE ALONE

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 200 of MS.].

Can any one tell what I ayle?
  that I looke soe leane, soe wan, soe pale.
if I may be there Iudge, I thinke there is none
  that can any longer lye alone.

Was eu*er* womans case like mine?
  att 15 yeeres [I] began to pine;
soe vnto this plight now I am growne,
  I can, nor will, noe longer Lye alone.

If dreames be true, then Ride I can;
  I lacke nothing but a man,
for tis onlye hee can ease my moane.
    I can, nor will, &c.

When daye is come, I wish for night;
  When night is come, I wish for light;
thus all my time I sighe & moane.
    I can, nor will, &c.

To woe the first, ashamed am I;
for and if he aske I will not denye;
for the case is such I must needs haue one.
I can, nor will &c.

Therfore my prayer, it shalbe still
that I may haue one *that* will worke my will;
for itt is only hee can ease me anon,
& therfore Ile noe longer lye alone.

DOWNE SATE THE SHEPARD

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 201 of MS.].

Downe sate the shepeard swaine
  soe sober & demure,
wishing for his wench againe
  soe bonny & soe pure,
with his head on hillocke lowe,
& his armes a Cimbo,
And all for the losse of his hinononino!

The leaves thé fell as thin
  as water from a still;
the heire vpon his head did growe
  as time vpon a hill;
his cherry cheekes as pale as snowe
to testifye his mickle woe;
& all was for the loue of his hinononino!

ffayre shee was to loue, as eu*er* liked swaine;
  neu*er* such a dainty one
shall none enioy̆ againe;
  sett a thousand on a rowe,

time forbidds *that* any showe
euer the like to her hinononino!

faire shee was, [of] comly hew,
her bosome like a swan;
backe shee had of bending yew,
her wast was but a span;
her hayre as blacke as any croe,
from the top to the toe,
all downe along to her hinononino!

with her Mantle tucked vp
shee fothered her flocke,
soe *that* they *that* doe her see
may then behold her smocke,
soe finely doth shee vse to goe,
and neatly dance on tripp on toe,
that all men run madd for her hinononino!

In a Meadow fayre & greene
the shepard layeth him downe,
thinking there his loue to find
sporting on a round,
A round which Maidens vse to go;
Cupid bidds itt shold bee soe,
because all men were made for her hinononino!

PANCHE

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 238 of MS.].

It was a younge man *that* dwelt in a towne,
a Iollye husband was hee,
but he wold eate more at one sett dinner
the[n] 20 wold att three.
soe great a stomacke had hee,
his wiffe did him p*ro*vide
ten meales a day, his hungar to lay,
yet was he not satisfyed.
take heede of hott furmitree!

His wiffe had a sister neere at hand,
decket vp in a gowne of gray;
shee loued a young man, & marryed thé weere
vpon St. Iames his day;
& to the wedding went they,
her brothers and sisters each one.
[two] shee vowed to bring her to capon pyes,
with birds the sids vpon.
take heed, &c.

But yet the good wiffe, tho litle shee sayd,
in mind & hart was woe
because her husband, the glutton, wold
vnto the wedding goe.
"good husband," then sayd shee,
"at the wedding there will bee
my vnckle Iohn, & my cozen Gylee,
& others of good degree;
then stay you at home, my dere,
[then stay you at home, my dere.]

"ffor if yo[u] come there, you vtterlye shame
yor selfe & me besides,
& all your kinred euery one,
the Bridgrome & the bryde,
you feed soe Monst[r]ouslye
aboue all other men,
for you deuoure more meate at a meale
then 40 will doe at ten."
take heede, &c.

When *that* he heard his wiffe say soe,
his anger waxed hotte:
Quoth he, "thou drabb! thou filthy Queane!
thy councell likes me not!
belike some match is made
betwixt some knaue & thee
to make me a scorne, my head for to horne!

I smell out thy knauerye!
to the wedding *tha*t I will goe!"

"Good husband," q*uo*th shee, "Misdoubt not of me!
I speake it for the best!
yet doe as you will, yo*ur* mind to fulfill;
but let me this request,
*tha*t when vnorderlye
I see you feeding there,
when I doe winke, I wold haue you thinke
its time for to forbeare."
take heed, &c.

The man was content; to the wedding he went;
great cheare was there p*re*pared;
the Bridsgroome father & mother both
sate there w*i*th good regard.
furst to the table was brough[t]
a course of furmitree,
[gallon] & Panche had a dish, a galland I-wiss,
*tha*t fitted his appetye;
& quicklye he slapt vp all.

[leer'd] Hee learned on his wiffe, and drew out his kniffe
to a legg of Mutton fell hee;
he slapt it vp breefe, w*i*th a surloyne of beefe,
& mincte pyes 2 or three:
he neu*er* looked about,
but fed w*i*th such a courage,

he left for his share the bord almost bare,
or the rest were out of their porrage.
take heede, &c.

Then did he spye his wiffe for to winke;
therfore he, to mend the matter,
he cast vp againe the Meate he had eaten,
before them in a platter:
"take heere your victualls," hee sayd,
"& grudg not me my meate;
& where I thinke *that* welcome I am,
I cannott forbeare to eate."
take heede, &c.

The time drew on when eu*er*ye man
vnto his rest did goe;
but Paunch lay grunting by his wiffe,
w*hi*ch made her wonderous woe.
"what ayle you man?" q*uo*th shee.
Q*uo*th hee, "my hart is dry,
I am soe hungry, *that* for meat
I readye am to dye."
take heede, &c.

"Alas!" q*uo*th shee, "content you must bee
till breakfast time to stay;
for none in the house is risen, you see,
to giue you meate any way."
"tush! tell not me of *that*!

my belly must be fedd!"
& with *that* word he Nimbly leapt
out of his naked bed,
& into the kitchin did goe.

To the ffurmitree pott he quicklye gott,
& there, without delay,
he slapt vp the furmitree cu*er*rye whitt
or he dep*ar*ted away,
saue a ladel-full att the last
he kept to carry his wiffe.
Then he mistaking the chamber, he went
vnto another mans wiffe.
take heede, [&c.]

The Bridgroomes ffather & mother both
did at *that* time lye there;
the woman had tumbled the clothes soe
that her buttockes all lay bare,
w*hi*ch by a glimering light
that was in *that* same place,
Panch soone espyed, & tooke the same
to be his wiues sweet face.

Then softly he sayd, "sweet wiff, I haue brought
some furmitree for thee!"
the woman ffisled: "nay, blow not," q*uo*th hee,
"for cold enough they bee."
with *that* shee puffed againe.

& made him angrye bee:
"I tell thee, thou need not to blow them att all,
but supp them vp presentlye."
take heede, &c.

The woman was windye, & fisled againe
within a litle space,
which made him to sweare, if shee blew any more,
to fling all in her face.
but shee, being fast asleepe,
did ffisle without regard.
then flung he the furmitree in her tayle,
saying, "there is for thy reward!"
take heede, &c.

With *that* the woman suddenly waked,
& clapt her hand behind;
"alas!" quoth shee, "how am I shamed,
being soe full of wind!"
"what ayles thee?" her husband sayd.
"I haue rayed the bedd," quoth shee.
"*that* comes with thy craming, thou egar queane!
a Murraine take thee for me!"
take heede, &c.

But Panche, perceuing how the matter went,
he closly got away,
& into the milkehouse hyed with hast,
wheras without delay

he clensed the Milke Basons all,
tho there were plenty store;
& like a lout, he groped about,
to see if hee cold find any more.
take heede, &c.

Vpon a narrowe mouthd hony pott
he lighted on at last;
& when he had thrust his hand therin,
there stucke it wonderous fast.
now hee must breake the same
or he cold gett it out;
& for a ffitt place to breake it on,
he seeketh round about.
take heede, &c.

Tow silly fryers, on the kitchin flore
all night asleepe dyd lye;
whose shauen crownes, by the Moonelight then,
Sir Panch he did there espye.
to one of them he comes,
supposing his pate a stone;
& there burst the earthen pott,
which made the fryer to grone.
take heede, &c.

The silly ffryer, being hurt full sore,
did thinke his fellow had
vpon some spite abused him soe;

therfore, as he were madd,
he laid him soundlye on,
& caught him by the eares;
whose rumbled waked the folkes in the house,
& fedd them full of feares.
take heede, &c.

When they came downe, thé found the fryers
well buffeting one another;
the one did tell how he was serued
by his religious brother.
but when Sir Panch they spyed,
with honnye besmeared soe,
& daubed about with Milke and creame,
thé knew how all things did goe.
take heede, &c.

for well they did see *that* it was he
that did the old man wronge,
& hee *that* brake the poore fryers head
as he did lye alonge,
that eate the Milke & creame
and the pott of ffurmitree;
yett, for to be reuenged of him,
they knew noe remedye.
take heede, &c.

God keepe, I say, such guests away
both from my meate & mee!

if I had 20 weddings to make,
neu*er* bidden shold he bee!
& thus I make an end
of this my merry Iest,
wishing to eu*ery*e honest man
all happinesse & rest.
take heede of hot furmitree!
take heed of hot furmitree!

WHEN SCORTCHING PHŒBUS

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 313 of MS.].

When scortching Phœbus he did mount,—
to-Iaur bonne tannce,— [*tous-jours bon temps*]
then Lady Venus went to hunt,
p*ar* melio shannce; [*parmi les champs*]
to whom diana did resort,
w*i*th a[ll] the Ladyes of hills and valleys,
of springs & ffloodes,
to shew where all the princely sport,
w*i*th hound imbrued, & harts pursued,
throughe groues and woodes.

This tender harted louers Queene,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
such wandring sports had seldome seene,
p*ar* melio shance.
shee tooke noe pleasure in the same,
to see hounds merry, & porc harts werrye
ffor want of breath.
q*uo*th shee, "I like better *tha*t game
where ladyes bewtyes do pay their dutyes
to loues sweete death."

They aire was hott, & shee was drye,—
to-iour bonne tannce;—
to Bacchus court shee fast did hye—
par melio shance—
her ffaint & weary hart [to] cherish,
*whi*ch was soe fyered, *tha*t shee descryed
to quench her thirst,
& cryed, "helpe Bacchus, or else I p*e*rish!"
who still did hold her, and plainly told her
he wold kisse her ffirst.

Then Bacchus w*i*th a power divine,—
to-iour bone tance,—
himselfe turned to a butt of wine,—
p*ar* melio shance,—
and bade this Ladye drinke her ffill,
& take her pleasure in any measure,
& make noe waste;
& gaue her leaue to sucke the quill,
w*hi*ch was spriteffull and delightffull
vnto her tast.

Att last this butte did run a tilte—
to-iour bonne tance.—
q*uo*th shee, "one drop shall not be spilt,
p*ar* melio shance,
ffor itt doth pleasing tast soe well,
my hart doth will me ffor to fill me
of this sweete Vine;

I wold *tha*t I might alwayes dwell
in this ffaire Arbor! heeres soe good harbor,
& pleasant wine."

Shee drunke soe long, ere shee had done,—
to-iour bonne tance,—
her belly swelled like a tunn,
p*ar* melio shance.
Att last shee ffell in peeces twaine;
& being assunder, appeard a wonder,
God pryapus!
yett ffaine shee wold haue drunke againe;
& oft did visitt, and much solicite
God Diacchus.

His emptye caske wold yeeld noe more,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
ffor shee had sucked itt ffull sore,
p*ar* melio shance.
q*uo*th she "god Bacchus, change thy shape;
ffor now thy rigour, & all thy vigour,
Is cleane decayd.
behold [thou] here this new borne babe,
who when he is p*ro*ued, heele be beloued
of wiffe and maide."

This bellye god *tha*t wold be drunke—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
and being a goddesse, proued a punke,

par melyo shance,
her lusty bastarde stiffe & stronge,
was made & framed, & alsoe named,
god Bacchus heyre.
he had a nose 3 handfull Long,
with one eye bleared, & all besmeard
about with hayre.

He is the god of rich & poore—
to-iour bonne tannce;—
he openeth euery womans doore,
par melio shance;
he ceaseth all debate & strife,
& gently peaseth, & sweetly pleaseth
the hungry wombe.
he is the ioy twixt man & wiffe;
her pleasure lasteth, & sweeter tasteth
then hony combe.

Now all you nice & dainty dames,—
to-iour bonne tannce,—
to vse this god, thinke itt no shame,
par melio shance.
then let my speeches not offend,
tho you be gaudye, & I be baudye
& want a rodd!
good deeds shall speeches ffault amend
when you are willing ffor to be billing
with this sweet god.

WHEN AS I DOE RECORD

[1620-50]

[From *The Percy Folio Manuscript*, page 287 of MS.].

When as I doe record
the pleasures I haue had
att this side slippery board,
my mind is merry & glad.
with many a lusty lasse
my pleasure I haue tane:
I wold giue mine old white Iade
that Iynye were here againe!

Shee brewes & bakes to sell
for such as doe passe by;
good fellowes loue her well;
infaith & soe doe I!
ffor euer when I was drye,
of drinke I wold haue tane,
I wold tread both shooes awrye,
that Iynye, &c.

ffull oft shee & I
within the buttery playd

att tray trippe of a dye,
& sent away the mayd.
ffor shee is of the dealing trade,
shee will giue you 3 for one;
shee is noe sullen Iade;
giff Iynnye, &c.

A man might for a penny
haue had a pott of ale,
[coney] & tasted of a Caney
of either legg or tayle;
for shee wold neuer fayle
if shee were in the vaine.
alas, all fflesh were frayle
giff Iynnye, &c.

ffull oft I haue beene her man,
her markett for to make;
& after I haue rydden
a Iourney for her sake,
Her pannell I cold take,
& gallopp all amaine;
Ide make both bedsides cracke
that Iynnye, &c.

You hostises that meane
for to liue by *your* trade,
if you scorne to kisse,
then keepe a pretty mayd!

for drinke is not worth a lowse
if lasses there be none!
I wold drinke a whole carrouse
that Iynye, &c.

"IN JANUARY LAST"

[1676]

[From DURFEY'S *Fond Husband;* tune in PLAYFORD'S *Choice Ayres*, ii. 46].

In *January* last, on *Munnonday* at Morn,
As I along the Fields did pass to view the Winter's Corn;
I leaked me behind, and I saw come over the Knough,
Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow fair Maid, and she right courteouslie,
Bekt lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye;
I spear'd o her, fair Maid quo I, how far intend ye now?
Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have sike Company,
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be;

When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize said to her, my Doe,
May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny brow.

Nea, gud Sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o'those,
I hope ya ha more Breeding then to dight a Womans Cloaths;
For I've a better chosen than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight and kiss ma bonny brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the play;
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow.

Sir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
You need not tall ha started, for eight that Ize ded say;
You know Wemun for Modestie, ne at the first time boo,
But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.

"SAWNEY WAS TALL AND OF NOBLE RACE"

(1680)

[From *The Virtuous Wife* by T. DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 133].

Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any eane;
But now he ligs by another Lass,
And *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen:
I gave him fine *Scotch* Sarke and Band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand;
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
Yet *Sawney* will ne'er be my Love agen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
And Nosegays made to give *Sawney* one;
He kiss'd my Breast and feign would do mere,
Geud feth me thought he was a bonny one:
He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
And sigh'd and languish'd to lig by me,
Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt-face,
He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown;
But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
Of some leud Quean of *London* Town:
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Whilst I poor Soul sit sighing at heam,
And near joy *Sawney* unless in a Dream,
For now he ne'er will be my Love again.

THE WINCHESTER WEDDING: or RALPH OF REDDING, AND BLACK BESS OF THE GREEN

[1684]

[By DURFEY; set to *The Ring's figg;* published with the Tune, among *Several New Songs* by THO. DURFEY.. fol., 1684].

At *Winchester* was a Wedding,
The like was never seen,
Twixt lusty *Ralph* of *Redding*,
And bonny black *Bess* of the *Green:*
The Fidlers were Crouding before,
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen;
There was a Hundred and more,
For all the Country came in:
Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,
She look'd like a Lilly o'th' Vale;
And Ruddy Fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell.*

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
He help'd her over the Stile;
And swore there was none so pretty,

In forty, and forty long Mile:
Kit gave a Green-Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his Hand to rise;
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blue under the Eyes:
Thus merrily Chatting all,
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along;
With *Johnny* and pretty fac'd *Nanny*,
The fairest of all the throng.

The Bride came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd;
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With *Bak'd*, and *Roasted*, and *Boil'd:*
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side;
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a Mind to the Bride:
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glass on his Thumb;
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for Drinking,
The best in *Christendom*.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the *Hall;*
The Fidlers struck up for Dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl:*
But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,

Cause *Arthur* had stolen her Garter,
And swore he would tie it himself:
She struggl'd and blush'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry;
'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
Had slip'd his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking,
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But *Robin* that found him Silly,
Most friendly took him aside;
The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
Was playing at *Hoopers-hide:*
And now the warm *Game* begins,
The *Critical Minute* was come;
And chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
And blith as a Bird in the Spring;
And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
And Wedded her with a *Rush Ring:*
Sukey that Danc'd with the *Cushion*,
An Hour from the Room had been gone;
And *Barnaby* knew by her Blushing,
That some other Dance had been done:
And thus of Fifty fair Maids,

That came to the Wedding with Men;
Scarce Five of the Fifty was left ye,
That so did return again.

Brisk Dolly and pretty-fac'd Kate
This merriment they did adore;
Each Lass had been pleas'd with her Mate,
As they never had been before;
Nay, Susan was pleased at heart,
She said it, and said it again,
The young Men have play'd their part,
And no one has cause to complain.
The day was in merriment spent,
The Pipes and the Fidlers they play,
Before all the throng as they went;
Thus they made an end of the day.

[So was not this a fine wedding,
Where all was plea'sd to the life?
And they say he makes a kind Husband,
And she a very good wife].

"'TWAS EARLY ONE MORNING"

[1694]

[From *Don Quixote* by DURFEY; tune in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 303; set by JOHN ECCLES].

'Twas early one Morning, the Cock had just crow'd;
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
My Holiday Cloaths on, and face newly Mow'd
With a hey ding, hoe ding, drink your brown Berry;
The Sky was all Painted, no Scarlet so Red,
For the Sun was just then getting out of his Bed,
When *Teresa* and I went to Church to be sped;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to Wooe thee,
Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me;
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry,
Derry ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey lantridown derry.

Her face was as fair, as if't had been in Print
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint;
With a hey down, hoe ding, drink your brown Berry;

Yet her mouth had been damag'd with Comfits
& plumbs,
And her Teeth that were useless, for biting her
Thumbs,
Had late, like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

But when Night came on, and we both were a Bed
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
Such strange things were done, there's no more
to be said.
With a hey down, hoe ding, drink your brown
Berry;
Next Morning her head ran of mending her Gown,
And mine was plagu'd how to pay Piper a Crown,
And so we rose up the same Fools we lay down,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

"HOW HAPPY'S THE HUSBAND"

[1694]

[From *Love Triumphant:* or, *Nature will Prevail;* music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 72; set by HENRY PURCELL].

How happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband,
Whose Wife has been try'd, has been try'd,
Not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to the Bed of an ignorant Bride;
Secure of what's left, secure of what's left, he ne'er misses the rest,
But where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's enough, supposes a Feast:
So foreknowing the Cheat,
He escapes the Deceit;
And in spight of the Curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest.
And in spight of the Curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest.
He resolves to be blest, he resolves, he resolves to be blest.

If Children are blessings, his comfort's the more.
Whose Spouse has been known to be fruitful
before;
And the Boy that she brings ready made to his
Hand,
May stand him in stead for an Heir to his Land:
Shou'd his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got
As when e'er it is so, if it won't I'll be hang'd.

THE BEGGAR'S DELIGHT

[*c.* 1695]

[A Broadside Song with music; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 142].

Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm,
That silly poor Swains in Love should be;
For Love lies hid in Rags all torn,
As well as Silks and Bravery:
For the Beggar he loves his Lass as dear,
As he that hath Thousands, Thousands, Thousands,
He that hath Thousand Pounds a Year.

State and Title are pitiful things,
A lower State more happy doth prove;
Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,
With the Beggar hath equal Joys in Love:
And my pretty brown *Cloris* upon the Hay,
Hath always as killing, killing, killing,
Hath always as killing Charms as they.

A Lord will purchase a Maiden-head,
Which perhaps hath been lost some Years before;

A Beggar will pawn his Cloak and his Trade,
Content with Love to lye, and live Poor:
Our eager Embraces in Coal-sheds,
Are always more pleasing, pleasing, pleasing,
Than theirs that are dull in downy Beds.

Our *Cloris* is free from Patches and Paint,
Complection and Features sweetly agree;
Perfections which Ladies often do want,
Is always intail'd on our Pedigree:
Sweet *Cloris* in her own careless Hair,
Is always more taking, taking, taking,
Than Ladies that Towers and Pendants do wear.

A Dutchess may fail, created for Sport,
By using of Art, and changing of Things;
Tho' she were the Idol and Goddess o'th' Court,
The Joys and the Pleasure of Don, Prince, or Kings,
Yet *Cloris* in her old Russet-Gown,
She's sound, she's sound, she's sound,
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

A Beggar's as boon and as brisk in the dark,
As she that is Painted Red and White;
And pleases her Mate, tho' not such a Spark,
As lies by the side of a Lord or Knight:
And *Cloris* hath Beauty to Content,
So long as she's wholsom, wholsom, wholsom,
She pleases us, we don't repent.

What tho' all the Day she's attir'd in Rags,
  Yet once a Week she changes her Smock;
And she that has Gold and Silver in Bags,
  She can do no more than match a good Cock:
She's willing and ready to show her Art,
  And still with her Kisses, Kisses, Kisses,
She'll conquer the Senses and the Heart.

All the Night long we do hug and embrace,
  The greatest and Rich can do no more;
And when to the Swain she joins her Face,
  He thinketh what Joys there's for him in store:
By the taste of the Blisses, so happy's he,
  He crys there's no Beggar, Beggar, Beggar,
Could so blest, or so fortunate be.

The touch of her Hand encreases his Flame,
  Who conquer'd by Charms a Captive doth lie;
And when he but thinks of his true Love's Name,
  He vows for her sake he could freely Die:
Then she revives him again with a Kiss,
  He cries you undo me, undo me, undo me,
Had ever poor Soul such Pleasure as this?

Then Gallants, ne'er envy the Poor's Delight,
  'Tis Pleasure to Love, and a Plague to be Free;
Tho' some for our Poverty do us slight,
  There's none alive more happy than we:
We well are content with what we enjoy,

And once in a twelvemonth, twelvemonth, twelvemonth
We are blest with a Girl, or a Boy.

Content is a thing we strive to possess,
And better it is than a Golden Mine:
Since us with the same the Heaven do bless,
What cause have we for to repine:
No, we've enough our Hearts to suffice,
And he that doth murmur, murmur, murmur,
Will never be happy nor wise.

COME ALL, GREAT, SMALL, SHORT, TALL

[1696]

[From *Don Quixote* by T. DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 93].

Come all, great, small, short, tall,
Away to Stoolball;
Down in a Vale on a Summers day,
All the Lads and Lasses met to be Merry,
A match for Kisses at Stoolball play,
And for Cakes and Ale,
And Sider and Perry.
Will and *Tom*, *Hall*, *Dick* and *Hugh*,
Kate, *Doll*, *Sue*, *Bess* and *Moll*,
With *Hodge*, and *Briget*, and *James*, and *Nancy;*
But when plump' *Siss* got the ball in her Mutton Fist
Once fretted sh'd hit it farther than any;
Running, Haring, Gaping, Staring,
Reaching, Stooping, Hollowing, Whooping;
Sun a setting,
All thought fitting,
By consent to rest 'em;
Hall got *Sue*, and *Doll* got *Hugh*,
All took by turns their Lasses and Buss'd 'em.

Jolly *Ralph* was in with *Peg*,
Tho' freckl'd like a *Turkey* Egg,
And she as right as is my Leg,
Still gave him leave to towze her.
Harry then to *Katy* swore,
Her Duggs were pretty,
Tho' they were all sweaty,
And large as any Cows are.
Tom Melancholy was
With his Lass;
For *Sue* do what e'er he cou'd do,
Wou'd not note him.
Some had told her,
B'ing a soldier
In a Party
With *Mac-carty*
At the Siege of *Limrick*,
He was wounded in the *Scrotum*.
But the cunning *Philly*
Was more kind to *Willy*,
Who of all their Ally,
Was the ablest Ringer;
He to carry on the Jest,
Begins a Bumper to the best,
And winks at her of all the rest,
And squeez'd her by the Finger.
Then went the Glasses round,
Then went the Lasses down,

Each Lad did his Sweet-heart own,
And on the Grass did fling her.
Come all, great, small, short, tall,
Away to Stool Ball.

"LADS AND LASSES BLITH AND GAY"

[1696]

[By T. DURFEY in *Don Quixote;* music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 260; set by HENRY PURCELL].

Lads and Lasses Blith and Gay,
Hear what my Song discloses,
As I one Morning sleeping lay,
Upon a bank of Roses:
Willy ganging out his Gate,
By geud luck chanc'd to spy me;
And pulling Bonnet from his Pate,
He softly lay down by me.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wou'd not know him;
But made a Frown my Face disguis'd,
And from me strove to throw him:
Fondly he still nearer prest,
Upon my Bosom lying;
His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
I thought the Loon was dying.

But resolving to deny,
An angry passion feigning;

I often roughly push'd him by,
With words full of disdaining:
Willy baulk'd no favour wins,
Went off so discontented;
But I geud faith for all my Sins,
Ne'er half so much Repented.

"THE BONNY GREY EY'D MORN BEGAN TO PEEP"

[*c.* 1698]

[A Broadside Song by J. CLARKE with music; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 248].

The Bonny grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,
  When Jockey rowz'd with Love came blithly on;
And I who wishing lay depriv'd of sleep,
  Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that slow did run:
But muckle were my joys when in my view,
  I from my Window spy'd my only dear;
I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,
  For I had fancy'd all my Heav'n was there.

Upon my Bosom Jockey laid his Head,
  And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he said,
  Did flutter up and down and strangely move:
He sigh'd, he Kissed my Hand, he vow'd and swore,
  That I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain'd;
Then Blushing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
  Which he, alass! too soon, too soon obtain'd.

"JENNY LONG RESISTED WULLY'S FIERCE DESIRE"

[*c.* 1700]

[A Broadside Song with music; set by R. LEVERIDGE; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 245].

Jenny long resisted
  Wully's fierce desire;
She the more persisted,
  Coyness rais'd his Fire.
When he'd reap'd the Treasure,
  And the Virgin's Spoils,
He found such short Pleasure,
  Answer'd not his Toils.

Jenny lay neglected
  In her Lover's Arms,
When she was rejected,
  She try'd all her Charms:
Then she did discover,
  That no Trick, nor Art,
Tho't might win a Lover,
  Cou'd regain his Heart.

"THUS DAMON KNOCKT AT CELIA'S DOOR"

[1700]

[By G. FARQUHAR in *The Constant Couple;* music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 203; set by D. PURCELL].

Thus Damon knock'd at Cælia's Door,
Thus Damon knock'd at Cælia's Door,
He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,
The sign was so, She answer'd no,
The sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd again he pray'd,
No Damon no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;
Consider Damon I'm a Maid,
Consider Damon no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
I'm a Maid.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
She rose and softly turn'd the Key;
Come in, said she, but do not, do not stay,
I may conclude, you will be rude;
But if you are you may:
I may conclude, you will be rude,
But if you are you may.

"JOGGING ON FROM YONDER GREEN"

[*c.* 1700]

[A Broadside Song with music; set by R. LEVERIDGE; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 274].

Jogging on from yonder Green,
Oh the pleasant sight I've seen;
John and Dolley jog, jog, jogging,
John and Dolley jogging on,
Themselves Cooling, Johnny was fooling,
Cry'd she, will you ne'er have done,
Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on:
The Sun shines, make Hay,
Make Hay, make Hay, make Hay good John;
Hey ho, hey ho, that I might do so,
Jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging,
Jog, jog, jog, jogging on.

John to ease her of her Pain,
Ended, and begun again,
He grew weary, jog, jog, jogging,
She more Cheary, jogging on,
Cry'd my deary, prithee tarry,

Sure you han't already done;
Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on;
The Sun's down, pray stay,
Pray stay, pray stay, good John,
Hey ho, that I might do so,
Jog, jog, jogging on.

"EARLY IN THE DAWNING OF A WINTER'S MORN"

[*c.* 1700]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 276; set by LEVERIDGE].

Early in the dawning of a Winters morn,
Brother *Dick* and I went forth into the Barn;
To get our selves a heat,
By Thrashing of the Wheat,
From the Stack, from the Stack, from the Stack, the Stack:
The Straws they flew about,
And the Flails they kept a rout,
With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.

Margery came in then with an Earthen Pot,
Full of Pudding that was piping hot;
I caught her by the Neck fast,
And thank'd her for my Breakfast,
With a Smack, with a Smack, with a Smack, a Smack:
Then up went her Tail,
And down went the Flail,
With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.

Dick Threshing on, cry'd out, fie for shame,
Must I beat the Bush while you catch the Game;
Sow your wild Oats,
And mind not her wild Notes,
Of alack, of alack, of alack, alack:
Faith I did the Jobb,
While the Flail bore a bob,
With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.

She shook off the Straws and did nothing ail,
Swearing there was no defence against a Flail,
But quietly lay still,
And bid me fill, fill, fill,
Her Sack, her Sack, her Sack, Sack:
But 'twas all in vain,
For I had spilt my Grain,
With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.

"LORD, WHAT'S COME TO MY MOTHER"

[1701]

[From *The Bath* or *The Western Lass;* words by DURFEY; set by JEREMY CLARK].

Lord! what's come to my Mother,
That every Day more than other,
My true Age she would smother,
And says I'm not in my Teens;
Tho' my Sampler I've sown too,
My Bib and my Apron out-grown too,
Baby quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis she means;
When our *John* does squeeze my Hand,
And calls me sugar sweet,
My Breath almost fails me,
I know not what ails me,
My Heart does so heave and so beat.

I have heard of Desires,
From Girls that have just been of my Years,
Love compar'd to sweet Bryers,
That hurts, and yet does please:
Is Love finer than Money,

Or can it be sweeter than Honey,
I'm poor Girl such a Toney,
Evade that I cannot guess,
But I'm sure I'll watch more near,
There's something that Truth will shew,
For if Love be a Blessing,
To please beyond Kissing,
Our *Jane* and our Butler does know.

THE QUAKER'S SONG

[*c.* 1706]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 185].

Amongst the pure ones all,
  VVhich Conscience doth profess;
And yet that sort of Conscience,
  Doth practice nothing less:
I mean the Sect of those Elect,
  That loath to live by Merit;
That leads their Lives with other Mens VVives,
  According unto the Spirit.

One met with a Holy Sister of ours,
  A Saint who dearly lov'd him:
And fain he would have kiss'd her,
  Because the Spirit mov'd him:
But she deny'd, and he reply'd,
  You're damn'd unless you do it;
Therefore consent, do not repent,
  For the Spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend, poor Soul,
  Yielded unto his Motion;

And what these two did intend,
VVas out of pure Devotion:
To lye with a Friend and a Brother,
She thought she shou'd die no Sinner,
But e'er five Months were past,
The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the VVicked say,
VVhen they shall here of this Rumour;
They'd laugh at us every Day,
And Scoff us in every Corner:
Let 'em do so still if that they will,
VVe mean not to follow their Fashion,
They're none of our Sect, nor of our Elect,
Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the time was come,
That she was to be laid;
It was no very great Crime,
Committed by her they said:
'Cause they did know, and she did show,
'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother,
But a very great Sin they said it had been,
If it had been done by another.

BLOWZABELLA MY BOUNCING DOXIE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 309; "the Italian song call'd *Pastorella;* made into an English Dialogue by Mr. THO. D'URFEY"].

Blowzabella my bouncing Doxie,
Come let's trudge it to *Kirkham* Fair,
There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,
And young Cullies to buy thy Ware.
She. Mind your Matters ye Sot without medling
How I manage the sale of my Toys,
Get by Piping as I do by Pedling,
You need never want me for supplies.
He. God-a-mercy my Sweeting, I find thou think'st fitting,
To hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown;
She. Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater Debt's paying,
Your rate of delaying will never Compound.
He. I'll come home when my Pouch is full,
And soundly pay thee all old Arrears;

She. You'll forget it your Pate's so dull,
As by drowzy Neglect appears.
He. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,
If I fail to remember my *Blowze;*
She. May my Buttocks be ev'ry ones Drum,
If I think thou wilt pay me a Souse.
He. Squeakham, Squeakham, Bag-pipe will make 'em,
Whisking, Frisking, Money brings in;
She. Smoaking, Toping, Landlady groping,
Whores and Scores will spend it again.
He. By the best as I guess in the Town,
I swear thou shalt have e'ery Groat;
She. By the worst that a Woman e'er found,
If I have it will signify nought;
He. If good Nature works no better,
Blowzabella I'd have you to know,
Though you fancy my Stock is so low,
I've more Rhino than always I show,
For some good Reasons of State that I know,
She. Since your Cheating I always knew,
For my Ware I got something too,
I've more Sence than to tell to you.
He. Singly then let's imploy Wit,
I'll use Pipe as my gain does hit,
She. And If I a new Chapman get,
You'll be easy too,
He. Easy as any worn out Shoo.

[CHORUS of both]

Free and Frolick we'll Couple Gratis,
Thus we'll show all the Human Race;
That the best of the Marriage State is,
Blowzabella and *Collin's* Case.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 25; tune, *Joan to the Maypole* in CHAPPELL'S *Popular music*, 302].

The Clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
But Morning was come as Grey as a Cat;
Cocks and Hens from their Roosts did fly,
Grunting Hogs too had left their stye;
When in a Vale,
Carrying a Pail,
Sissly her new Lover met, Dapper *Harry*;
First they Kiss'd,
Then shook Fist,
Then talk'd, as Fools do, that just were to Marry.

Zooks cry'd *Hall*, I can't but think,
Now we are come to Wedlock brink;
How pure a stock 'twill be how fine,
When you put your good mark to mine;
Siss at that,
Glowing hot,
Buss'd him as if she'd have burnt him to Tinder;

Thus they Woo,
But see how,
Damn'd Fate contriv'd now the Bargain to hinder.

Sissly had got a Cold I suppose,
And 'twixt her Fingers was blowing her Nose;
Harry, that Linnen too wanted I doubt,
Lent her his Glove, to serve for a Clout;
Scraping low,
Manners to show,
And tell her how much he was her adorer:
Pray mark the Joke,
Leather thong broke,
And Breeches fell down to his Ancles before her.

Sissly who saw him thus distrest,
Pulls of her Garter of woolen List;
And with a sly and leering look,
Gave it to mend up what was broke;
Fumbling he,
Could not see,
What he discover'd, tho' e'er he had ty'd all:
For just before,
Shirt was tore,
And as the Devil would have't she had spy'd all.

She gave him then so cold a Look,
Discontent it plainly spoke;
And running from him near a Mile,

He overtook her at a stile;
Too much hast,
Milk down cast,
And topsy turvy she fell on her Pole with't:
He seeing that,
Runs with's Hat,
But could not Cover her C—— for his soul with't:

Have you not seen at Noon of Day,
The Sun his glorious Face display;
So *Sissly* shone with Beauty's Rays,
Reflecting from her Postern grace;
Till at last
Strugling past,
Wide sprawling Legs were again set in order:
But poor *Hall*,
Since her fall,
Stood just like one was found guilty of Murder.

The God of Love, or else old Nick,
Sure had design'd this Devilish trick,
To make the Bridegroom and the Bride;
With themselves dissatisfy'd;
She grown coy,
Call'd him Boy,
He getting from her cry'd Zoons you'r a rouzer.
Foh, she cry'd,
By things spy'd,
She had as live a meer Baby should espouse her.

TWO TO ONE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 172].

There were two Bumpkins lov'd a Lass,
  And striving who should have her;
She presum'd of what she had,
  And they of what they gave her:
    Hey ho, hey ho, my Heart's delight,
    Carouse away all Sorrow;
Let me Tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
  She shall be thine to Morrow.

But we were both of one Consent,
  And something had some Savour;
And let a poor Man be content
  With half a Wenches Favour;
      Hey ho, hey ho, &c.

But this is still against all Sence,
  Which ever more hath vex'd us;
That ev'ry Lobcock hath his Wench,
  And we but one betwixt us.
      Hey ho, hey ho, &c.

Good Brother, let us not dismay,
What hap so e'er betide us;
For fear a Third should come this way,
And pull our Wench beside us:
Hey ho, hey ho, &c.

For Women they are Winning things,
As mutable as may be;
No Bird that ever flew with Wings,
So subtile is as they be.
Hey ho, hey ho, &c.

No matter who shall pledge her first,
Affections are but blindness;
And let the World say what they list,
We'll take her double Kindness.
Hey ho, hey ho, &c.

For she hath granted both our Sutes,
When we came first unto her;
And he shall Ride in both our Boots,
That comes the next to Wooe her:
Hey ho, hey ho, &c.

SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS

[*c.* 1707]

[A Broadside Song with music].

Susannah the fair
With her Beauties all bare,
Was bathing her, was bathing herself in an Arbour:
The *Elders* stood peeping, and pleas'd
With the dipping,
Would fain have steer'd into her Harbour.

But she in a rage,
Swore she'd never engage,
With monsters, with monsters, with monsters so
old and so feeble.
This caus'd a great rout,
Which had ne'er come about,
Had the *Elders* been sprightly and able.

THE TUNBRIDGE DOCTORS

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 160; tune, *Packington's Pound*].

You *Maidens* and *Wives,*
  And young *Widows* rejoyce,
Declare your thanksgiving,
  With Heart and with Voice;
Since Waters were Waters
  I dare boldly say,
There ne'er was such cause
  Of a Thanksgiving day.

For from *London-Town*
  There's lately come down,
Four Able *Physicians*
  That never wore Gown:
Their Physick is pleasant,
  Their Dose it is large,
And you may be Cur'd
  Without Danger or Charge.

No *Bolus* nor *Vomit,*
  No *Potion* nor *Pill,*

Which sometimes do Cure,
But oftner do Kill,
Your Taste nor your Stomach
Need ever displease,
If you'll be advised
But by one of these.

For they've a new *Drug*
Which is call'd *the close Hug*,
Which will mend your Complexion,
And make you look smug,
A Sovereign *Balsom*
Which once well apply'd,
Tho' griev'd at the Heart
The Patient ne'er Dy'd.

In the Morning you need not
Be robb'd of your rest,
For in your warm Beds
Your Physick works best:
And tho' in the taking
Some stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant
You cannot be tir'd.

For on your Backs you must lie,
With your Body rais'd high,
And one of these Doctors
Must always be by,

Who still will be ready
To cover you warm,
For if you take cold
All physick doth harm.

Before they do venture
To give their direction,
They always consider
Their Patients complexion;
If she have a moist Palm
Or a Red Head of Hair,
She requires more Physick
Than one man can spare.

If she have a long Nose,
The Doctor scarce knows
How many good handfuls
Must go to her Dose:
You Ladies that have
Such ill symptoms as these,
In reason and conscience
Should pay double fees.

But that we may give
To these Doctors due praise;
Who to all sorts of people
Their favours conveys;
On the ugly for pity sake
Skill shall be shown,

And as for the handsom,
They're Cur'd for their own.

On the Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely
They scorn should be sold:
Then joyn with the Doctors,
And heartily pray,
Their power of Healing
May never decay.

"ON ENFIELD COMMON, I MET A WOMAN"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 270].

On *Enfield Common,* I met a VVoman,
A bringing *North-Hall* VVater to the Town;
Said I, fair Maiden, you're heavy laden,
I'll light and give you ease in a Green Gown:
Says she, 'tis good Sir, to stir the Blood, Sir,
For the Green-sickness, Friend, will make me like it;
Then in a Minute I left my Gennett,
And went aside with her into a Thicket:
Then with her leave there, a Dose I gave her,
She straight confess'd her Sickness I did nick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
For panting on the Grass she did complain;
Saying Physician, my Sick Condition,
I fear will suddenly return again:
If you deny me, and don't supply me
VVith many Potions of your sweetest Pleasure:
Then prithee Gallant improve thy Talent,
Since we have Opportunity and Leisure;

VVith such like Greeting, my pretty Sweeting,
She seem'd to press upon me without measure.

'Twas Summer VVeather, we sat together,
And chatted all the pleasant Afternoon;
No one was near us, to over-hear us,
At length I said I'd put my Pipes in Tune:
To give a Glister, with that I kiss'd her,
She cry'd, another Fit do's round me hover;
With the Green Rushes I'll veil my Blushes,
For in my Cheeks I know you may discover
VVhat's my desire, Love never Tire,
For Oh! I long, I long, to be a Mother.

VVith that I told her, that I wou'd hold her,
A Guinea to a Groat it should be so;
In Nine Months after, a Son or Daughter,
VVill be your lucky Lot, Dear Love I know:
Quoth she, you Vapour, and draw your Rapier,
But yet methinks too soon you seem to tire;
I'll lay a Shilling, if you are willing,
That Nine Months hence I have not my desire;
Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
Alas! the Name of Mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lass;
Who was a Beauty, and knew her Duty,
The Night we did in youthful pleasures pass,

With melting Blisses, and charming Kisses,
On downy Beds secure from Wind and Weather;
And in the Morning, by Day's adorning,
We rose and drank a Glass of Wine together:
With Joys I crown'd her, for then I found her,
To have a Heart far lighter than a Feather.

I having cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
If e'er it was my luck to come that way;
I'd pawn my Honour, to call upon her,
But for that time I could no longer stay:
The loving creature, of pure good nature,
She gave me Twenty Kisses when we parted;
Because she never had found such favour,
In Loves soft Pleasures to be so diverted:
Then straight I mounted, for why I counted,
'Twas time I had her company deserted.

MY MISTRESS THAT'S PRETTY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 216; sung by DOGGET].

I'll sing you a Song of my Mistriss that's pretty,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
It tickles my Fancy to tune her sweet Ditty,
For Love was all her Play.

She's witty and pretty, and tunes like a Fiddle,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
She begins at both Ends, and ends in the Middle,
For Love was all her Play.

She hugs and she Kisses without a Word speaking,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
She falls on her Back without flinching and squeaking,
For Love was all her Play.

She's laden with Graces of Virtue and Honour,
A Lady so frolick and gay;
'Twixt a fair pair of Sheets with warm Love upon her,
For Love was all her Play.

"WHEN SAWNEY FIRST DID WOE ME"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 242; set by R. LEVERIDGE].

When *Sawney* first did Wooe me, he did at
distance stand,
Advancing to undoe me, he gently took my Hand;
He gently rais'd it higher, with pish and much ado,
His Lips still creeping nigher, at last he Kiss'd it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's in-
chanting grace,
He drew himself more nigh me, and gently
touch'd my Face;
He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado,
His Lips approaching nigher, at last he Kiss'd me too.

Compleatly to undo me, he clasp'd me in his Arms,
As tho' he wou'd go through me, and search out
all my Charms;
As though he wou'd go through me, with Oh,
and much ado,
As sure as e'er he knew me, at last he did it too.

DUNMORE KATE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 220].

There lately was a Maiden Fair,
With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown hair,
  Who up to Town did trudge, Sir;
This pretty Maid, whose Name was *Kate,*
Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
  As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little e'er it did grow Dark,
She needs must walk into the Park,
  The Gentry for to see, Sir;
Where soon she met a Footman gay,
That stop'd her short, and made her stay,
  To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
  And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She Kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country store,
  And let him take his fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out *John,*
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone
To Trot before the Chair, Sir;
Which made this Damsel all alone
To sigh and sob, and make great moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London* Tricks,
God send me down amongst my *Dicks,*
That live on *Dunsmore Heath,* Sir;
If ever I come here again,
Or e'er believe one Man in Ten,
May the De'll come stop my Breath, Sir.

THE SOUND COUNTRY LASS

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 211].

These *London* Wenches are so stout,
  They care not what they do;
They will not let you have a Bout,
  Without a Crown or two.

They double their Chops, and Curl their Locks,
  Their Breaths perfume they do;
Their Tails are pepper'd with the Pox,
  And that you're welcome to.

But give me the Buxom Country Lass,
  Hot piping from the Cow;
That will take a touch upon the Grass,
  Ay, marry, and thank you too.

Her Colour's as fresh as a Rose in *June,*
  Her Temper as kind as a Dove;
She'll please the Swain with a wholesome Tune,
  And freely give her Love.

"YOUNG CORIDON AND PHILLIS"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 205; set by JEREMIAH CLARK].

Young Coridon and Phillis
  Sate in a lovely Grove;
Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
  Repeating Tales of Love:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But as they were a Playing,
  She oagled so the Swain;
It sav'd her plainly saying,
  Let's kiss to ease our Pain:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
  Laying her on the Green;
But as he farther press'd her,
  Her pretty Leg was seen:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

So many Beauties removing,
  His Ardour still increas'd;
And greater Joys pursuing,
  He wander'd o'er her Breast:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

A last Effort she trying,
  His passion to withstand;
Cry'd, but it was faintly crying,
  Pray take away your Hand:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

Young Coridon grown bolder,
  The Minute would improve;
This is the Time he told her,
  To shew you how I love;
And something else, but what I dare not name.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
  Dissolv'd in amorous Heat;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
  My Dear your Love is great:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But Phillis did recover
  Much sooner than the Swain;
She blushing ask'd her Lover,
  Shall we not Kiss again:
And something else, but what I dare not name.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature at a stand;
From talk they fell to Sleeping,
Holding each others Hand;
And something else, but what I dare not name.

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OF KING EDWARD AND JANE SHORE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 20; tune, *St. George for England*].

Why should we boast of Lais and her Knights,
Knowing such Champions intrapt with Whorish Lights:
Or why should we speak of Thais Curled Locks,
Or Rhodope that gave so many Men the Pox.
Read old Stories, and there you shall find,
How Jane Shore, Jane Shore she pleas'd King Edward's mind.
Jane Shore she was for fair England, Queen Fredrick was for France,
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To speak of the Amazons it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Thracian Girls, how far they did excel;
Those with Scythian Lads, engag'd in several Fights,
And in the brave Venetian Wars, did foil advent'rous Knights:

Messaline and Julia were Vessels wond'rous brittle,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore took down K. Edward's
Mettle.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Thalestis of Thormydon, she was a doughty Wight;
She Conquer'd Pallas King in the Exercise of Night;
Hercules shew the Dragon whose Teeth were all
of Brass,
Yet he himself became a Slave unto the Lydian
Lass:
The Theban Semel lay with Jove, not dreading
all his Thunder,
But Jane Shore overcame King Edward, altho' he
had her under.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Hellen of Greece she came of Spartan Blood,
Agricola and Cressida they were brave Whores
and good;
Queen Clytemnestra bold, slew old Arthur's
mighty Son,
And fair Harcyon pull'd down the Strength of
Telamon:
Those were the Ladies that caus'd the Trojan Sack,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she spoil'd K. Edward's
Back.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

For this the Ancient Fathers did great Venus defy,
Because with her own Father Jove she feared not to lie;
Hence Cupid came, who afterwards reveng'd his loving Mother,
And made kind Biblis do the like with Cornus her own Brother;
And afterwards the Goddess kept Adonis for Reserve,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she stretch'd King Edward's Nerve.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

The Colchin Dame Mædea her Father did betray,
And taught her Lover Jason how the Vigilant Bull to slay;
And after, thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece,
She with her Lover sail'd away in Argus Ship to Greece:
But finding Jason False, she burnt his Wife and Court,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she shew'd King Edward sport.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Romix of Saxony the Welsh State overthrew,
Igræyn of Cornwal, Pendragon did subdue;

Queen Quinniver with Arthur fought singly hand to hand,
In Bed, tho' afterwards she made Horns on his Head to stand:
And to Sir Mordred Pictish Prince a Paramore became,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she made King Edward tame.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Marosia of Italy, see how she stoutly copes,
With Jesuits, Priests and Cardinals, and tripple Crowned Popes;
And with King Henry, Rosamond spent many a dallying Hour,
Till lastly she was Poisoned in Woodstock fatal Bower:
And Joan of Ark play'd in the Dark with the Knights of Languedock,
But Jane Shore, met King Edward, and gave him Knock for Knock.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Pasiphæ we know play'd feats with the Cretan Bull,
And Proserpine, tho' so Divine, became black Pluto's Trull:
The Spanish Baud her Strumpets taught to lay their Legs astride,

But these and all the Curtezans Jane Shore did them deride:
Pope Joan was right, altho' she did the Papal Scepter Weild,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore she made King Edward yield.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Agathoclea and Ænathe did govern Egypt's King;
The witty Wench of Andover, she was a pretty thing,
She freely took her Lady's place, and with great Edgar Dally'd,
And with main force she foil'd him quite, altho' he often rally'd:
For which brave Act, he that her rack'd, gave her his Lady's Land,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward did command.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Of Phryne and Lanva Historians have related,
How their Illustrious Beauties, two Generals Captivated:
And they that in the Days of Yore kill'd Men and Sack'd their Cities,
In Honour of their Mistresses composed Amorous Ditties:

Let Flora gay with Romans play, and be a
Goddess call'd,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Edward she
enthrall'd.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

The Jolly Tanner's Daughter Harlot of Normandy,
She only had the happiness to please Duke Robert's
Eye;
And Roxolana tho' a Slave, and born a Grecian,
Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand
Seignior Solyman:
And Naples Joan would make them Groan that
ardently did love her,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward he did
Shove her.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Aspatia doth of the Persian Brothers boast,
Though Cynthia joy in the Lampathean Boy, Jane
Shore shall rule the roast;
Cleopatra lov'd Mark Anthony, and Brownal she
did feats,
But compar'd to our Virago, they were but meerly
cheats,
Brave Carpet Knights in Cupid's Fights, their
milkwhite Rapiers drew,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore King Edward did subdue,
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Hamlet's incestuous Mother, was Gartrude Denmark's Queen,
And Circe that enchanting Witch, the like was scarcely seen;
Warlike Penthesile was an Amazonian Whore,
To Hector and young Iroylus, both which did her adore,
But brave King Edward, who before had gain'd Nine Victories,
Was like a Bond-slave, fetter'd with Jane Shore's all conqu'ring Thighs:
Jane Shore she was, &c.

THE TOWN-RAKES

[*b.* 1707]

[Attributed to MOTTEUX; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 202; set by D. PURCELL].

What Life can compare with the jolly Town Rakes,
When in his full swing of all Pleasure he takes?
At Noon he gets up for a wet and to Dine,
And Wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Musick, and Wine,
Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the Masques,
And thence to the Rose where he takes his three Flasks,
There great as a Cæsar he revels when drunk,
And scours all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his Punk,
And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes,
What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rakes, the Jolly Town-Rakes.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,
But the Town's his Seraglio, and still he lives free;

Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,
Black Betty, or Oyster Moll serve for a Change:
As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
He thinks him that is soberest is most like a Beast:
All Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors,
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores:
Rare work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes,
What Life can Compare with the jolly Town-Rakes.

Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaigns,
And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his Brains;
He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
Unless 'tis to get the best VVenches and Drink:
He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
And improving his Hour, lives an age in a Year:
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
And thus he lives longest because he lives fast;
Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes,
VVhat Death can compare with the jolly Town-Rakes.

THE CRAB-TREE

[*c.* 1707]

[A Broadside Ballad].

The Moon was pendulous above,
  The Sun had gain'd the *Naider,*
When *Sylvia,* full of Youth and Love,
  In loose Attire array'd her.

The twinkling Stars intic'd her out,
  And she decoy'd her Sister;
And while she briskly tript about,
  The Boughs wou'd fain have kist her.

Resign'd to mirth, thus *Sylvia* said;
  Come hither, Sister *Chloe:*
I've learn'd to stand upon my Head,
  Observe me, Girl, I'll show ye.

She did what she design'd to do,
  Her Legs were wide extended,
Her —— expos'd to open view,
  Since nothing could defend it.

To steal *Paremains*, upon a tree,
Hard by, a Boy was mounted,
From him the Tale devolved to me,
Most faithfully recounted.

I heard the merry Wagg protest,
The Muff between her Haunches,
Resembl'd much a *Mag-Pye's* Nest
Between two lofty Branches.

In this inviting Posture stood
The Lady near a minute,
Jack pickt the largest Fruit he cou'd,
And fairly chuckt it in it.

It there took Root, the Soil was fine,
Pray credit what I tell ye,
And, like the visionary Vine,
It overspread her Belly.

In pleasing Shades the Stalks arose,
And rang'd themselves in Order;
And where the bubbling Fountain flows
Hung wav'ring o'er its Border.

Since Chance had fixt it growing there,
And Fortune plac'd the Root on't,
For want of necessary Care,
CRABS only were the Fruit on't.

THE HARLOT UN-MASK'D

[*c.* 1707]

[A Broadside Ballad; tune, *The King and the Miller*].

How happy the State does the Damsel possess?
Who would be no greater, nor can be no less:
On her Quim and herself depends for Support:
And is better than all the Prime Ladies at Court:
What though she in Grogram and Lindsey does go,
Nor boasts of gay Cloathing, to make a fine Show;
A Girl in this dress may be sweeter by far,
Than she that is stitch'd by a Garter and Star,
Than she that is, &c.

Tho' her Hands they are red, and her Bubbies are coarse,
Her Quim, for all that, may be never the worse:
A Girl more polite with less Vigour may play,
And her Passion in Accents less charming convey:
What tho' a brisk fellow she sometimes may lack,
When warm with Desire, and stretch'd on her Back:
In this too great Ladies Example afford,

Who oft put a Footman in Room of a Lord,
Who oft put a Footman, &c.

Or should she endeavour new Conquests to make,
In this too she Mimicks the Punks of the State:
Whose Aim is all one for to get a good Stroak;
As all her Concern's to supply her *Black Toak:*
Each Night when Sport's over, and Love's Fountain's dry,
She, weary with Stitching, contented does lie:
Then 'wakes in the Morning so brisk and so keen:
If so happy a *Harlot*, then who'd be a *Queen?*
If so happy a Harlot, &c.

THE SUBURBS IS A FINE PLACE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 99; tune, *London is a fine Town*].

The Suburbs is a fine Place belonging to the City,
It has no Government at all, alack the more the Pity;
A Wife, a silly Animal, esteemeed in that same Place,
For there a Civil Woman's now asham'd to shew her Face:
The Misses there have each Man's Time, his Money, nay, his Heart,
Then all in all, both great and small, and all in ev'ry Part.

Which Part it is a thorough-fair so open and so large,
One well might sail through ev'ry Tail even in a western Barge;
These Cracks that Coach it now, when first they came to Town,
Did turn up Tail for a Pot of Ale in Linsey Wolsey Gown.

The Bullies first debauch'd 'em, in Baudy Covent-Garden,
That filthy place, where ne'er a Wench was ever worth a Farthing;
And when their Maiden-heads are sold to sneaking Lords,
Which Lords are Clapt at least nine-fold for taking of their Words.

And then my Lord, that many tries, she looks so Innocent,
Believing he Infected her, he makes a Settlement;
These are your Cracks, who skill'd in all kind of Debauches,
Do daily piss, spue, and whore, in their own glass Coaches.

Now Miss turn Night-walker, till Lord-Mayor's Men she meets,
O'er Night she's Drunk, next Day she's finely flogged thro' London streets;
After their Rooms of State are chang'd to Bulks or Coblers Stalls,
'Till Poverty and Pox agree, they dying in Hospitals.

This Suburbs gallant Fop that takes delight in Roaring,
He spends his time in Huffing, Swearing, Drinking, and in Whoring;

And if an honest Man and his Wife meet them
in the Dark,
Makes nothing to run the Husband through to
get the name of Spark.

But when the Constable appears, the Gallant, let
me tell ye,
His Heart defiles his Breeches, and sinks into
his Belly;
These are the silly Rogues that think it fine and
witty,
To laugh and joak at Aldermen, the Rulers of
the City.

They'd kiss our Wives, but hold, for all their
plotting Pates,
While they would get us Children, we are getting
their Estates;
And still in vain they Court pretending in their
Cares,
That their Estates may thus descend unto the
Lawful Heirs.

Their Play-houses I hate, are Shops to set off
Wenches,
Where Fop and Miss, like Dog and Bitch, do
couple under Benches;
That I might advise the chiefest Play-house
monger,

I have a Sister of my own both Handsomer and Younger.

She lives not far off in the Parish of St. Clements,
She never liv'd in Cellar nor sold Oranges and Lemons:
Then why should Play-house Trulls with Paint and such Temptations,
Be an Eye sore to me and more to the best part o'th' Nation.

Now you that all this while have listened to my Dity,
With streightened Hands pray drink a Health unto this noble City:
And let us pray to Jove, these Suburb folks to mend,
And having now no more to say, I think it fit to end.

"THE SUN WAS JUST SETTING"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 252; set by R. LEVERIDGE].

The Sun was just Setting, the Reaping was done,
And over the Common I tript it alone;
Then whom should I meet, but young Dick of our Town,
Who swore e'er I went I shou'd have a Green-gown:
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rumpl'd,
Worse Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

Before an old Justice I Summon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he.

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to Wish I would Kiss him instead of the Book,
He whisper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He push'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiss'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,
He look'd like a Bacchus, but Preach'd like a Saint;
He said we shou'd soberly Nature refresh,
Then Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Flesh.
He prest me, I stumbl'd,
He Push'd me, I Tumbl'd
He Kiss'd me, I grumbl'd,
But still he Kiss'd on,
Then rose and went from me as soon as he'd done.
If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
May I be worse Rumpl'd,
Worse Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

"A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 227].

A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
  Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
  To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whose Name was Buxome Joan,
Whose Name was Buxome Joan:
For now the time was ended,
  When she no more intended
  To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie a Nights alone,
And lie a Nights alone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
  And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
  Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her sake:
The Taylor thought to please her,
With offering her his Measure;
  The Tinker too with Mettle,

Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,
The Sailor slily waiting;
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they shou'd all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his part;
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

"A SHEPHERD KEPT SHEEP ON A HILL SO HIGH"

[*c.* 1707]

[Words by DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 107; tune, LANE'S *Maggot*].

A Shepherd kept Sheep on a Hill so high, fa, la, la, &c.
And there came a pretty Maid passing by, fa, la, &c.
Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a Wife,
No by my troth I'm not weary of my Life, fa, la, la, &c.

Shepherd for thee I care not a Fly, fa, la, la,
For thou'st not the Face with a fair Maid to lie, fa, la,
How now my Damsel, say'st thou me so,
Thou shalt tast of my bottle before thou dost go, fa, la.

Then he took her and laid her upon the Ground, fa, la,

And made her believe that the World went round,
fa, la,
Look yonder my Shepherd, look yonder I spy,
There are fine pretty Babies that dance in the
Sky, fa, la.

And now they are vanisht, and now they appear,
fa, la,
Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here,
fa, la, la,
Lie still my dear Chloris, enjoy thy Conceit,
For the Babes are too young and too little to
prate, fa, la, la.

See how the Heavens fly swifter than Day, fa,
la, la,
Rise quickly, or they will all run away, fa, la, la,
Rise quickly my Shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
For the Sun, Moon and Stars are got all in my
Belly, fa, la,

O dear, where am I? pray shew me the way,
fa, la, la,
Unto my Father's House hard by, fa, la, la,
If he chance to Chide me for staying so long,
I'll tell him the fumes of your Bottle were strong,
fa, la, la.

And now thou hast brought my Body to shame,
fa, la,

I prithee now tell me what is thy Name, fa, la, la,
Why Robin in the Rushes my Name is, quoth he,
But I think I told her quite contrary, fa, la, la.

Then for Robin in the Rushes, she did enquire,
fa, la, la,
But he hung down his Head, and he would not
come nigh her, fa, la, la,
He wink'd with one Eye, as if he had been Blind,
And he drew one Leg after a great way behind,
fa, la, la.

THE WOMAN WEARS THE BREECHES

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 63; tune, *Chivy Chace*].

A Pox upon this cursed Life,
Where shall I make my moan?
For I am troubled with a Wife,
Like her there's few or none.

Like unto her there cannot be
Another such a one:
For when the Priest did Marry me,
Then my good Days were gone.

Therefore take heed good Neighbours all,
I wish you to beware,
For when my Wife doth Scold and Baul,
Then Skimington is there.

This sawcy Jack behind my Back,
And eke before my Face:
Maintains my Wife to Bait and Strife,
Which is a Woful Case.

And now I see no Remedy,
But I must needs complain
On him you know, that wrought this Woe,
In England or in Spain.

One Skimington about doth run,
In City and in Town,
Come Man and Child with Spear and Shield,
And help to beat him down.

And you good Wives, bring out your Knives,
And cut out both his Stones;
And two or three then may agree,
To break some of his Bones.

With Rakes and Reels, and Oven-Peels,
With Mawkin and with Flayl;
With Whips and Slings, and other things,
To beat him Top and Tail.

Then let him run to Islington,
Or else into the Vyes,
Where two or three they may agree
To pick out both his Eyes.

Then let him fly to Coventry,
Or else to London-stone,
And like a wretch in Middlesex,
There let him make his Moan.

All Marry'd Men that see him then,
  Will shake their Heads, and say,
He shall have neither Meat nor Drink,
  But let him march away.

Then all the Bells in London Town
  Shall ring both fine and brave,
When they have bury'd Skimington,
  And laid him in his Grave.

THE GREEN-GOWN

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1797), ii. 26; music in CHAPPELL'S *Popular music*, 323].

Pan leave Piping, the Gods have done Feasting,
There's never a Goddess a Hunting to Day:
Mortals marvel at Coridon's Jesting,
That gives the assistance to entertain May.
The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarfs on their Faces,
So lively as passes, trip over the Downs:
Much Mirth and Sport they make, running at Barleybreak;
Lord what haste they make for a Green-gown!

John with Gillan, Harry with Frances,
Meg and Mary, with Robin and Will,
George and Margery lead all the Dances,
For they were reported to have the best Skill:
But Cicily and Nancy, the fairest of many,
That came last of any, from out of the Towns,
Quickly got in among the midst of all the Throng,
They so much did long for their Green-gowns.

VVanton Deborah whispered with Dorothy,
That she would wink upon Richard and Sym,
Mincing Maudlin shew'd her Authority,
And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
But Sibel was sickly, and could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon,
Tib would not tarry for Tom, nor for Harry,
Lest Christian should carry away the Green-gown.

Blanch and Bettrice, both of a Family,
Came very lazy lagging behind;
Annise and Aimable noting their Policy,
Cupid is cunning, although he be blind:
But Winny the VVitty, that came from the City,
VVith Parnel the Pretty, and Besse the Brown;
Clem, Joan, and Isabel, Sue, Alice and bonny Nell,
Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
VVhere they intended to gather their May,
Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But constant Penelope, Faith, Hope and Charity,
Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;
And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
And Kate was contented to take a Green-gown.

Then they desired to know of a truth,
If all their Fellows were in the like Case,

Nem call'd for Ede, and Ede for Ruth,
Ruth for Marcy, and Marcy for Grace;
But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeaking,
The pretty Lass breaking the head of the Clown;
But some were VVooing, while others were doing,
Yet all their going was for a Green-gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping,
To see if his Daphne had been in the Throng;
But missing her hastily downwards was creeping,
For Thetis imagin'd he tarried too long:
Then all the Troop mourned and homeward returned,
For Cynthia scorned to smile, or to frown;
Thus they did gather May, all the long Summer-day,
And at Night went away with a Green-Gown.

THE RESOLUTION

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 118; set by Mr. KING].

Now fie upon a Jealous Brain,
That doth his Love mistrust,
Whose scorching Blood runs through each Vein,
To Judge his Looks unjust:
Give me that noble minded Heart,
That never will do so,
But Loves by Nature, not by Art,
And let all others go.

Let no Man think that Cupid's Shot,
Can wound an Honest Breast,
He that still fears a Jealous Plot,
Will never live at rest:
That Man I love that hates to fear
The slander of a Foe,
'Tis he that shall my Favour wear,
And let all others go.

If any do my Vertue Praise,
And thinks to flatter me,

His Subtile Tongue his Heart betrays,
  His Follies I can see;
That Man I'll have, will not suspect,
  An honest Woman's No,
'Tis he shall be my choice Elect,
  And let all others go.

Some Men by Witchcraft seek to gain,
  Their Love with charmed Spice,
Such Love I scorn to entertain,
  Fram'd by a base device;
I'll humour him that seeks no Charms,
  Nor Cerberus Cups below,
I'll hug him in my Ivory Arms,
  And let all others go.

He that threatens when I smile,
  I'll vex him when he weeps;
He that Loves but a Watching while,
  I'll Horn him when he Sleeps:
But he that with unspotted Breast,
  Bears Love as pure as Snow,
Shall be my Guest at Cupid's Feast,
  And let all others go.

CONSENT AT LAST

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 82; set by Mr. AKEROYDE].

Ladys, why doth Love torment you?
  Cannot I your Griefs remove?
Is there none that can content you
  With the sweet delights of Love?
    O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,
  Hath the Love and wish of all:
Dear, than shall I wait the Pleasure,
  That commands my Heart and all:
    O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

If I grieve, and you can ease me,
  Will you be so fiercely bent,
Having wherewithal to please me,
  Must I still be Discontent?
    O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
  And my Love does still remain;

Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my pain?
O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to,
Will you think it ill Behaviour
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?
O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

All Amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?
O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

Once more fairest, let me try ye,
Now my wish is fully sped,
If all Night, I would lye by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed.
O No, no, no, no, no, &c.

THE MIDWIVES CHRISTENING SONG

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 330].

Let's consecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our solemn Meeting,
To recreate those Female Hearts,
That sometime since were weeping:
The Lady's Pangs are now no more,
All Grief is banish'd from her;
The lusty Boy has made his way,
And nothing now can wrong her.

Cho. By all the Gossips.

O Mighty Power of active Love,
How bravely hast thou wrought!
From Something done, there's Something come,
While many toyl for nought.

Then dish about the Mother's Health,
The Lads shall soon come after;
Nor shall the Father be forgot,
In hopes the next —— a Daughter:
Go on brave Pair, obey Command,

And multiply together;
May Strength increase,
And VVealth ne'er cease,
Nor may you part for ever.

Cho. By all the Gossips.

O mighty Power of active Love, &c.

THE LONG VOCATION:

OR

A NEW TOUCH OF THE TIMES

WITH THE COMICAL HUMOURS OF NEW BETHLEM,
DR. TROTTER THE NEVER-BORN DOCTOR,
AND THE MUSICK-HOUSE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 65].

In the long Vocation,
  When Business was scanty,
But Cherries, and Whores,
  Extraordinary Plenty.

When News came to England,
  The best e'er was known,
All our Armies Victorious,
  The French overthrown.

When Quality withdrew
  To their Grotto's of Pleasure,
And Ladies to the Wells,
  To spend their Lord's Treasure.

When decripped old Sinners,
To the Bath did resort,
For venereal Distempers,
As well as the Sport.

When the Red Robe was gone,
To the Country Assizes,
And Butchers, and Carmen,
Were fighting of Prizes.

When Orthodox also,
From the Pulpit did roar;
'Twas the Sins of the Nation,
Maid our Taxes so sore.

When young Golden Captains,
Did walk the Parade;
But a draught once in motion,
Were always afraid.

When the Cits did retire,
To their Country-Houses;
Leaving Servants at home,
To lye with their Spouses.

When Wives too would junket,
While their Cuckolds did sleep:
And spend more in a Night,
Then they got in a Week.

When high topping Merchants,
VVere daily beset;
And Statutes of Bankrupts,
Fill'd half our Gazet.

VVhen Lawyers had not Money,
Nor Shop-keepers Trade;
And our Nation preparing
Another to invade.

VVhen the Season was to hot,
For the goggle ey'd Jews;
To exercise their Faculties,
In Drury-Lane Stews.

When Inns of Court-Rakes,
And Quill-driving Prigs,
Flock'd to St. James's,
To shew their long Whiggs.

When Sodomites were so impudent,
To ply on the Exchange;
And by Day-light the Piazza's
Of Covent-Garden to range.

When the Theatre Jilts,
Would S—ve for a Crown;
And for want of brisk Trading,
Patrol'd round the Town.

When Debauches of both Sexes,
From Hospitals crept;
Where Nine Months at least,
In Flannel they slept.

When Drapers smugg'd Prentices,
With Exchange Girls most jolly;
After Shop was shut up,
Could Sail to the Folly.

When the Amorous Thimberkins,
In Pater-noster-Row;
With their Sparks on an Evening,
Could Coach it to Bow.

When Poets and Players,
Were so damnable poor;
That a Three-penny Ordinary,
They often would Score.

When De Foe and the Devil,
At Leap-Frog did play;
And huffing proud Vintners,
Broke every Day.

When Chamber-maids dress'd,
In their Mistresses Cloaths;
Walk'd in all Publick places,
To Ogle the Beaus.

When Tally-men had no Faith,
With Strumpets and Whores;
But nap'd them in the Streets,
By Dozens and Scores.

When Informers were Rogues,
And took double pay;
Much worse than the Persons,
They are hir'd to betray.

When Serjeants were so vigilant,
'Twas impossible to shame 'em;
But whip see Jethro', immediately,
G—— Eternally D—— 'em.

When Brewers to the Victuallers
Was so cursed severe,
They scarce would give Credit,
For a Barrel of Beer.

Thus is it not evident,
Tap-lashes don't thrive;
Since they swarm in most Prisons,
Like Bees in a Hive?

But you Blue Apron Tribe,
Let this caution prevail;
Be not too Saucy,
Lest you Rot in a Goal.

At this Juncture of time,
I strol'd to Moor-Fields;
Much us'd by the Mob,
To exercise their Heels.

Also fam'd for a Conjurer,
The Devil's head Proctor;
Where a little below him,
Dwells the never born Doctor.

Two such Impudent Rascals,
For Lying and Prating;
That the Series of their Lives,
Is not worth my Relating.

My Pockets being lin'd well,
With Rhino good store;
And Inclinations much bent,
After a thing call'd a Whore.

To gratifie my Lust,
I went to the Star;
Where immediately I espy'd,
A Whore in the Bar.

Whose Phiz was most charming,
And as demure as a Saint;
But con——ly bedaub'd,
With Patches and Paint.

Sweet Lady, cry'd I,
I vow and protest;
The Sight of your Charms,
Have so wounded my Breast.

That I am downright in Love,
And my Life shall Destroy;
If you do not admit me,
Your Favour to enjoy.

Cringing in her A——
The B—— then reply'd;
My favour, kind Sir,
Shall never be deny'd.

Will you please to walk up,
Or be private below;
Here Boy, with a Bed in't,
The Gentleman show.

Then backwards we went,
To a Cavern behind;
But such an intricate Place,
The Devil could not find.

Where Wine being brought,
And the Fellow withdrawn;
I carest her with Love,
She made a return.

No Pigs in a Stye,
  Or Goats in Bad Weather;
E'er nussl'd so close,
  Or more Amorous together.

We Kiss'd and we bill'd,
  We tickled and toy'd;
And more than once,
  Our selves we Enjoy'd.

But the Reckoning grew high,
  Which would make my Pocket low;
So how for to Bilk 'em,
  I did not well know.

But at last by a Stratagem,
  Pretending to rally;
While she went for more Wine,
  I whip'd into an Ally.

And was so dexterous nimble,
  They could not pursue;
So got rid of my Mistress,
  And D—— Reckoning too.

Recovering the Fields,
  I was void of all Fear;
And the next place to Bedlam,
  My Course I did steer.

Where was such amphibious Crowds,
I ne'er saw before;
Harlots for the Water,
As well as the Shore.

But one above the rest,
So wondrous Trim;
You would sware she was a Hick,
And no common Brim.

Accosted me presently,
And call'd me her Love;
But I soon did dismiss her,
With a Kick and a Shove.

For the Jade was so homely,
The D—— would not touch her;
Fit only for a Dray-man,
Or White-Chappel Butcher.

But had not walk'd long,
Before a rare one I espy'd;
Bright as a Goddess,
And adorn'd like a Bride.

With a rich Furbelow Scarf,
Worth at least Forty Shilling;
And when I ask'd her a Question,
Was extraordinary willing.

So to the Tavern we went,
A Curse on the Place;
For her Love was so hot,
It soon fir'd my A——

Where after a Flask,
Which I swore she should pay;
We took both our leaves,
And went strait away.

The Plague of my Sins,
Made me damnable sore;
That my Wife soon concluded,
I'd been with a W——.

She scolded so loud,
And continu'd her Clamour;
I could not forbear,
But to C—— her and D—— her.

We made such a Noise,
And con——ed a Racket;
My Landlady knew,
I'd been searching the Placket.

And being good natur'd,
To make up the Matter;
Came down in her Smock,
With Jenny her Daughter.

Ah! Tennant (quoth She,)
Let this fault be remitted;
If he'll beg but your Pardon,
He shall be acquitted.

For to speak by the by,
And I'm sure 'tis fact;
You and I have been guilty,
Of many such Act.

"IN THE PLEASANT MONTH OF MAY"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 177; tune, *The Catherine*].

In the pleasant Month of May,
When the merry, merry Birds began to sing;
And the Blossoms fresh and gay;
Usher'd in the welcome Spring,
When the long cold Winter's gone,
And the bright enticing Moon,
In the Evening sweetly shon:
When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Grass;
At a jolly Country Fair,
When the Nymphs in the best appear;
We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
E'ery Shepherd and his Lass.

In the middle of the Sport,
When the Fiddle went brisk and the Glass went round,
And the Pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
With their Merry Feet beat the Ground;

Little Cupid arm'd unseen,
With a Bow and Dart stole in,
With a conquering Air and Mien,
And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the Swains;
E'ery Shepherd and his Mate,
Soon felt their pleasing Fate,
And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the sighing Swain gave o'er,
And the wearied Nymphs could dance no more
There were other Thoughts that mov'd,
E'ery pretty kind Pair that Lov'd:
In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
And mourn'd the time away,
And the Nymphs as well as they,
Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloys,
Till at last by consent of Eyes,
E'ery Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
E'ery Buxom She retires with her He,
To act Love's solid Joys.

THREE GLORIOUS THINGS

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 127; set by Mr. TENOC].

It is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may;
Three Things be glorious,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Sun, an Angel, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may.

Three things be Precious,
I'll tell you if I can,
Bright Pearl, fine Gold, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things there be Lowring,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Pidgeon, a Turtle-Dove, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things there be Loving,
I'll tell you if I can,
An Ape, an old Fox, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things will be Angry,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Wasp, a Weasel, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things will be scratching,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Cat, a Brier, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things will be a Chattering,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Pye, a Popinjay, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things will lie close to a Man,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Flea, a Louse, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things must be Beaten,
I'll tell you if I can,
A Stock-fish, a Mill-stone, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things must be stuffed,
I'll tell you if I can;
A Pudding, a Cushion, and a Woman.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things there are ill to Tame,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Devil, a Wild-Colt, and a Woman,
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

Three things there are will make you Lean,
I'll tell you if I can,
Brown Bread, small drink, and a curst Quean.
It is my Delight both Night and Day, &c.

From these three Plagues, I'll pray as I can,
To bless and to keep every Honest Man.
It is my Delight both Night and Day,
To Praise the Women as much as I may.

THE MERCHANT AND THE FIDLER'S WIFE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 153].

It was a Rich Merchant Man,
  That had both Ship and all;
And he would cross the salt Seas,
  Tho' his cunning it was but small.

The Fidler and his Wife,
  They being nigh at hand;
Would needs go sail along with him,
  From Dover unto Scotland.

The Fidler's Wife look'd brisk,
  Which made the Merchant smile;
He made no doubt to bring it about,
  The Fidler to beguile.

Is this thy Wife the Merchant said,
  She looks like an honest Spouse;
Ay that she is, the Fidler said,
  That ever trod on Shoes.

Thy Confidence is very great,
The Merchant then did say;
If thou a Wager darest to bet,
I'll tell thee what I will lay.

I'll lay my Ship against thy Fiddle,
And all my Venture too;
So Peggy may gang along with me,
My Cabin for to View.

If she continues one Hour with me,
Thy true and constant Wife;
Then shalt thou have my Ship and be,
A Merchant all thy Life.

The Fidler was content,
He Danc'd and Leap'd for joy;
And twang'd his Fiddle in merriment,
For Peggy he thought was Coy.

Then Peggy she went along,
His Cabin for to View;
And after her the Merchant-Man,
Did follow, we found it true.

When they were once together,
The Fidler was afraid;
For he crep'd near in pitious fear,
And thus to Peggy he said.

Hold out, sweet Peggy hold out,
  For the space of two half Hours;
If thou hold out, I make no doubt,
  But the Ship and Goods are ours.

In troth, sweet Robin, I cannot,
  He hath got me about the Middle;
He's lusty and strong, and hath laid me along,
  O Robin thou'st lost thy Fiddle.

If I have lost my Fiddle,
  Then am I a Man undone;
My Fiddle whereon I so often play'd,
  Away I needs must run.

O stay the Merchant said,
  And thou shalt keep thy place;
And thou shalt have thy Fiddle again,
  But Peggy shall carry the Case.

Poor Robin hearing that,
  He look'd with a Merry-chear;
His wife she was pleas'd, and the Merchant was eas'd,
  And jolly and brisk they were.

The Fidler he was mad,
  But valu'd it not a Fig;
Then Peggy unto her Husband said,
  Kind Robin play us a Jigg.

Then he took up his Fiddle,
And merrily he did play;
The Scottish Jigg and the Horn-pipe,
And eke the Irish Hey.

It was but in vain to grieve,
The Deed it was done and past;
Poor Robin was born to carry the Horn,
For Peggy could not be Chast.

Then Fidlers all beware,
Your Wives are kind you see;
And he that's made for the Fidling Trade,
Must never a Merchant be.

For Peggy she knew right well,
Although she was but a Woman;
That Gamesters Drink, and Fidlers Wives,
They are ever Free and Common.

GILLIAN OF CROYDEN

[By DURFEY; set to the time of *Mall Peatly*; also in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 236].

One Holiday last Summer,
From four to seven by *Croyden Chimes*,
Three Lasses toping Rummers,
Were set a prating of the Times,
A Wife call'd *Joan* of the Mill,
A Maid they call'd bonny brown *Nell*,
A Widow mine Hostess *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, *Jolly Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Health to our Master *Will*.

Ah! *Joan*, cry'd the Maiden,
This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money store,
We now shan't miss of Trading,
And Sweet-hearts will come on thick ye Whore:
No more will they fight and kill,
But with us good Liquor will swill:
These will be rare Times, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, plump *Gillian* of *Croyden*, take off your Glass, cry'd

Gillian of *Croyden*,
A Bumper to Master *Will.*

We've now right Understanding,
Hans, *Dick*, and *Mounsieur* shakes Hands i'th' Streets,
Dragoons too are disbanding,
Gadzooks, then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,
For a Red-coat you know that has Will,
Can plunder and pilfer with Skil;
I'll look to my Smocks, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, wary *Gillian* of
Croyden, take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Health to our Master *Will.*

Nell, then with Arms a-Kembo,
Cry'd News from Sea not so well does come;
For want of Captain *Bembo*,
The Chink and *Ponti* are safe got home:
Tho' he could not help that Ill,
The Fault lies in some Body still,
Wou'd that Rogue were hang'd, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gil.*, Loyal *Gil.* &c.

Strange Lords will now come over,
And all our Bells will ring out for Joy:

The Czar of *Muscover*
Who is, Lord bless him, some ten Foot high:
I'll see whate'er comes o'th' Mill,
Wou'd our Lads were like him, cry'd *Nell*,
Great pity they an't, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of
Croyden, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, Tall *Gillian* of
Croyden,
Nevertheless, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Bumper to Master *Will.*

Strange News, the *Jacks* of the City
Have got, cry'd *Joan*, but we mind no Tales;
That our good King thro' wonderful Pity,
Will give his Crown to the Prince of *Wales*,
That Peace may the stronger be still,
And that they may no longer rebel,
Pish! pox tis a Jest, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of
Croyden, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, witty *Gillian* of
Croyden,
Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
A Health to our Master *Will.*

So long top'd these Lasses,
Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round,
Strong Wine, and thumping Glasses,
In three short Hours their Senses drown'd:
Then home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*,

And *Joan* no more Brimmers could fill,
And off from her Chair drop'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian
Of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, drunk *Gillian* of
Croyden, here's the last drop, cry'd *Gillian* of
Croyden,
A Bumper to Master *Will.*

"JENNY MY BLITHEST MAID"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 276].

Jenny, my blithest Maid,
  Prithee listen to my true Love now;
I am a canny Lad,
  Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
Aw the Boughs shall shade us round,
  While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
How the Lad the Lass may woo,
  Come, and I'll shew my Jenny how to do.

I ken full many a thing,
  I can dance, and can whistle too;
I many a Song can sing,
  Pitch-Bar, and run and wrestle too:
Bonny Mog of our Town,
Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
  Only Jenny 'twas could win,
  Jockey from aw the Lasses of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
  Ize not spoil the gawdy shining Geer;

I'll make a Bed of Fern,
And I'll gently press my Jenny there:
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Kercher too that hides thy Bosom;
Shew thy naked Beauty's store,
Jenny alone's the Lass that I adore.

THE COUNTRY WAKE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 202].

In our Country, and in your Country,
  Where Rufflers they were a raking
The rarest Pastime that ever you see,
  Was when Hay-cocks they were a making.

Timmy and Tom, with Bottle and Bag,
  So merrily they were a quaffing;
If you'd but zeen how Joan's Buttocks did wag,
  You'd burst your Heart with Laughing.

On another Hay-cock was Vulcan the Smith,
  With Dolly that came from the Dairy;
She thought that his Back was so full of Pith,
  Which made her so willing to tarry.

Then rustling Joan came brustling in,
  And said you are vull of your Froliks;
If you will not let black Maggy alone,
  Beshrew she will take you by th' Bald-Pate.

Then Satchel-arse Ciss, she went to P——
  And they went home to conduct her;

And all the way after they did Kiss,
And all the way homeward they pluckt her.

Then down in a Dale was tumble-down Dick,
The Wenches they caught him and held him;
Because he could not give 'em the Thing they did lack
Poor Fellow, they threaten'd to Geld him.

Then did you not hear of a Country Trick?
They say that Tuskin's no Dastard;
For when Country Gillians do play with their Dicks,
Then London must Father their Bastards.

THE IRISH HALLALOO

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 205].

Instead of our Buildings and Castles so brave,
Into our Caverns we're forc'd for to crave,
When we are driven along the Bogs,
We root up Putatoes like the wild Hogs.

Instead of their Beavers, and Castors so good,
In their picked Caps they are forc'd to the Wood:
And when they are driven along the Passes,
They've nothing but Tatters to hang on their Arses.

Instead of their Mantles lined with Plush:
They're forc'd to seek Rags off every Bush;
When they have gotten a very good Cantle,
They go to the Botchers and there make a Mantle.

Instead of their Boots with Tops so large,
I'm sure they are rid of that same Charge;
Now they have gotten a thin pair of Brogues,
And into the Woods among the wild Rogues.

Their Mutton and Beef they are all wild Runts,
Their Wives are all nasty, and so are their C—ts,
But I'll keep my Fiddle-stick out of their Cases,
They stink like Privies, a Pox of their Arses.

A JUST BARGAIN

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 104].

I am a Lover, and 'tis true;
Fair Daphne I'm in Love with you;
Woman thou art, for ought I see,
Yet more assur'd I wish to be:
Such Trial then do not refuse,
As all Men in their Bargains use.

Men feel the Pullen when they lay,
If they be plump, and so wou'd I,
Men ride their Nags, and try their Pace,
The like would I do in this case.
Who will buy Land, e'er they do know,
VVhat Fruit on it is apt to grow?

Now if any of my Parts, or all,
You will then to Tryal call,
You shall both see, and feel, and taste,
Lest you repent your Bargain past:
Then Part with Part let us Compare,
There's no Deceit in open Ware.

Your Legs and Feet are strait and fine,
And look you here pray what are mine?
You have a round and iusty Thigh;
And look you here, pray what have I?
But yet that part that all must bind,
O shew not, least you strike me Blind.

GOOD NEIGHBOUR WHY DO YOU LOOK AWRY

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 149].

Good Neighbour why do you look awry,
  You are a wond'rous Stranger;
You walk about, you huff and pout,
  As if you'd burst with Anger:
Is it for that your Fortune's great,
  Or you so Wealthy are?
Or live so high there's none a-nigh
  That can with you compare?
But t'other Day I heard one say,
  Your Husband durst not show his Ears,
But like a Lout does walk about,
  So full of Sighs and Fears:
Good Mrs. Tart, I caren't a Fart,
  For you nor all your Jears.

My Husband's known for to be one,
  That is most Chast and pure;
And so would be continually,
  But for such Jades as you are;

You wash, you lick, you smug, you trick,
You toss a twire a grin;
You nod and wink, and in his Drink,
You strive to draw him in:
You Lie you Punck, you're always Drunk,
And now you Scold and make a Strife,
And like a Whore you run o' th' Score,
And lead him a weary Life;
Tell me so again you dirty Quean,
And I'll pull you by the Quoif.

Go dress those Brats, those nasty Rats,
That have a Lear so drowzy;
With Vermin spread they look like Dead,
Good Faith they're always Lousie:
Pray hold you there, and do not swear,
You are not half so sweet;
You feed yours up with bit and sup,
And give them a dirty Teat:
My Girls, my Boys, my only Joys,
Are better fed and taught than yours;
You lie you Flirt, you look like Dirt,
And I'll kick you out of Doors;
A very good Jest, pray do your best,
And Faith I'll quit your Scores.

Go, go you are a nasty Bear,
Your Husband cannot bear it;
A nasty Quean as e'er was seen,

Your Neighbours all can swear it:
A fulsome Trot and good for nought,
Unless it be to chat;
You stole a Spoon out of the Room,
Last Christning you were at;
You lye you Bitch, you've got the Itch,
Your Neighbours know you are not sound;
Look how you Claw with your nasty Paw,
And I'll fell you to the Ground;
You've tore my Hood, you shall make it good
If it cost me Forty Pound.

"HEAVEN FIRST CREATED WOMAN TO BE KIND"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 213].

Heaven first created Woman to be Kind,
  Both to be belov'd, and for to Love;
If you contradict what Heav'n has design'd,
  You'll be contemn'd by all the Pow'rs above:
Then no more dispute me, for I am rashly bent,
  To subject your Beauty
  To kind Nature's Duty,
Let me than salute you by Consent.

Arguments and fair Intreats did I use,
  But with her Consent could not prevail;
She the Blessing modestly would still refuse,
  Seeming for to slight my amorous Tale:
Sometimes she would cry Sir, prithee Dear be good,
  Oh Sir, pray Sir, why Sir?
  Pray now, nay now, fye Sir,
I would sooner die Sir, than be rude.

I began to treat her then another way,
  Modestly I melted with a Kiss;

She then blushing look'd like the rising Day,
  Fitting for me to attempt the Bliss:
I gave her a fall Sir, she began to tear,
  Crying she would call Sir,
  As loud as she could baul Sir,
But is prov'd as false, Sir, as she's Fair.

"THE DANGER IS OVER, THE BATTLE IS PAST"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 317].

The Danger is over, the Battle is past,
The Nymph had her fears, but she ventur'd at last;
She try'd the Encounter, and when his was done;
She smil'd at her Folly, and own she had won:
By her Eyes we discover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd;
She dissembles her joy, and affects to look down,
If she sighs, 'tis for sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
Who have lost precious time, and you who are loosing,
Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chusing:
Draw nearer, and learn what will settle your mind,
You'll find your selves happy, when once you are kind;
Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture to run,
You'd feel the loss little, and much to be won.

"BONNY LASS GIN THOU WERT MINE"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 278].

Bonny Lass gin thou wert mine,
And twenty Thousand Pounds about thee;
I'd scorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green:
And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee,
I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green,
And shew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad gin thou wert mine,
And twenty Thousand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green;
To shew me how my Daddy gat me,
I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green;
To shew me how my Daddy gat me.

"AT LONDON CHE'VE BIN"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 286].

At London che've bin,
At London che've bin,
And che've seen the King and the Queen a;
Che've seen Lords and Earls,
And roaring fine Girls,
Turn up their Tails at fifteen a:

Che've seen the Lord-Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair,
And there che met with the Dragon,
That St. George that bold Knight,
Fought and kill'd outright,
Whilst a Man could toss off a Flagon.

From thence as I went
To see th' Monument
I met with a Girl in Cheapside a;
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And shew'd me how far she could stride a;

A CURE FOR THE GREEN-SICKNESS MAID

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 52].

As fair Olinda sitting was,
  Beneath a shady Tree;
Much Love I did profess to her,
  And she the like to me:
But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,
  And prest her to be kind:
She cry'd, Oh no, but I remember,
  Womens Words are Wind.

I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,
  Then farther did intrude;
She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
  And told me I was rude:
I begg'd her pardon Twenty times,
  And some Concern did feign;
But like a bold presumptuous Sinner,
  Did the like again.

At last I did by dalliance raise,
  The pretty Nymph's desire;

Our Inclinations equal were,
  And mutual was our fire:
Then in the height of joy she cry'd,
  Oh! I'm undone I fear;
Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
  Kill me, kill me quite my dear.

WOOBOURN FAIR

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 42].

He. Dolly, come be Brisk and Jolly,
Since Harvest's home,
And *Ralph* and *Molly*,
With Piper and Drum;
Are frisking now at the Fair:
Nimble *Katy*, whose Foot's so pretty,
No, nor *Susan*, with new Russet Shoes on,
No, nor *Ellen*, with great Belly swelling,
Can for Dancing with *Dolly*, compare,
Zooks then prithee, my sweetest Dear.

She. Fye *Dick*, you make me so proud when you tell me,
That none of our Lasses excel me:
Nay, Faith I can guess your Design too,
With the Loss of your own you'd have mine too,
But I hope I shall mend the Case:
For toying and coying,
Come short of enjoying,

And tho' I let Loobies,
Oft finger my Bubbies:
Who think when they Kiss me,
That they shall possess me,
With slight Invitation,
Fall to my Collation,
Not a bit till the Priest has said Grace.

He. Could you guess when first I Woo'd you,
I thought of less,
I close pursu'd you;
Abandon'd *Bess,*
To gain dear *Dolly's* good Will,
My Endeavours to please you ever,
And to Marry sweet *Doll* of the Dairy,
So by Kissing first nought will be missing,
Grant a Tast till my Belly I fill,
That, Ods Bud wou'd do rarely well.

She. No, no, your cunning shall never deceive me,
Should I let you, you'd presently leave me;
Tho' something you now may be wanting,
The Appetite cloys with consenting,
And the Passion does soon decay;
Tho' our Ears you wou'd tickle,
We're false as you're fickle,
And mind not your swearing
False Oaths, and declaring,
Your amorous Nonsense,

Nor Love dated long since;
For by late Forbearance,
I know by Experience,
There's few till they're Bound will Obey.

THE IRISH JIGG; or, THE NIGHT RAMBLE

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 188].

One night in my Ramble I chanc'd to see,
A thing like a Spirit, it frightened me;
I cock'd up my Hat and resolv'd to look big,
And streight fell a Tuning the Irish Jigg.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer in short,
I found it was one of the Petticoat sort;
My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,
But still I kept tuning the Irish Jigg.

And then I went to her, resolving to try her;
I put her agog of a longing desire;
I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the Irish Jigg.

Then nothing but Dancing our Fancy could please,
We lay on the Grass and Danc'd at our ease;
I down'd with my Breeches and off with my Whigg,
And we fell a Dancing the Irish Jigg.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your kindness, said she,
The Scholar's as Wise as the Master can be;
For if you should chance to get me with Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the Irish Jigg.

The Dance being ended as you may see,
We rose by Consent and we both went away
I put on my Cloaths and left her to grow big,
And so I went Roaring the Irish Figg.

PRETTY KATE OF WINDSOR

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), iii. 217; tune, *The Suburbs is a fine place*].

Near to the Town of *Windsor*, upon a pleasant Green,
There liv'd a Miller's Daughter, her Age about Eighteen.
A Skin as white as Alablaster, and a killing Eye,
A round Plump bonny Buttock joyn'd to a taper Thigh;
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the Ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

To treat with her in Private, first came a Booby Squire,
He offer'd ten Broad Pieces, but she refus'd the hire;
She said his Corn was musty, nor should her Toll-dish fill,
His Measure too so scanty, she fear'd 'twould burn her Mill.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

Soon after came a Lawyer, as he the Circuit went,
He swore he'd Cheat her Landlord, and she should
pay no Rent;
He question'd the Fee simple; but him she plainly
told,
I'll keep in spight of Law Tricks, mine own dear Copy-
hold.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

The next came on a Trooper, that did of Fighting
prate,
Till she pull'd out his Pistol, and knock'd him o're the
Pate.
I hate, she cry'd, a Hector, a Drone without a Sting,
For if you must be Fighting Friend, go do it for the
King.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

A late discarded Courtier, would next her favour win,
He offer'd her a Thousand when e'er King *James*
came in;
She laugh'd at that extreamly, and said it was too
small,
For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the Devil
and all.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of Mates degree,
He bragg'd much of his Valour in the late Fight
at Sea;

She told him his Bravado's but lamely did appear,
For if you had stood to't, you Rogues, the *French*
had ne'er came here.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

A Shopkeeper of *London* then open'd his Love Case,
He told her he was Famous for Penning an Address;
She told City-wisdom was known by their Affairs,
Guild-Hall was full of Wit too in choice of Sheriffs
and Mayors.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

Next came a smug Physician upon a Pacing Mare,
But she declar'd she lik'd him much worse than
any there;
He was so us'd to Glisters, she told him to his Face,
He always would be bobbing his Pipe at the
wrong place.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

Next came an honest Taylor, if such a one can be,
And as he went to proffer to pull her on his knee,
She said, Kind Sir be Civil; and do not thus
presume
You smell so strong of Cucumbers, I can't endure
the room.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

The Parson of the Town then did next his flame
reveal,
She made him second Mourning, and cover'd him
with Meal;
The Man of God stood fretting, she bid him not
be vext,
'Twill serve you for a Surplice to Cant in *Sunday* next.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

Now if you'd know the reason she was to them
unkind,
There was a brisk young Farmer that taught her
still to grind;
She knew him for a Workman that had the ready
skill,
To open well her Water-gate, and best supply
her Mill.
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, &c.

"DEAR PINCKANINNY, IF HALF A GUINNY"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 305].

Dear Pinckaninny, if half a Guinny,
To Love will win ye,
I lay it here down;
We must be Thrifty,
'Twill serve to shift ye,
And I know Fifty,
Will do't for a Crown.

Dunns come so boldly,
King's Money so slowly,
That by all things Holy,
'Tis all I can say;
Yet I'm so rapt in,
The Snare that I'm trapt in,
As I'm a true Captain,
Give more than my Pay.

Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your Plunder,
Ods——ns I wonder,

You dare be so bold;
Thus to be making,
A Treaty so sneaking,
Or Dream too of taking,
My Fort with small Gold.

Other Town Misses,
May gape at Ten Pieces,
But who me possesses,
Full Twenty shall Pay;
To all poor Rogues in Buff,
Thus, thus I strut and huff,
So Captain kick and cuff,
March on your way.

"COME JUG, MY HONEY, LET'S TO BED"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 89].

John. Come *Jug*, my Honey, let's to bed,
It is no Sin, sin we are wed;
For when I am near thee by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Jug. To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
All Night within my Arms shalt be,
And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHO. Come on then, and couple together,
Come all, the Old and the Young,
The Short and the Tall;
The richer than Crœsus,
And poorer than Job,
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
That Peoples the Globe.

John. My Heart and all's at thy command,
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,

Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
I think, my *Jug*, is Wealth enow.

Jug. A Wheel, six Platters and a Spoon,
A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
And something under best of all.

CHO. Come on then, &c.

THE NURSE'S SONG

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 257].

My dear Cock adoodle,
  My Jewel, my Joy;
My Darling, my Honey,
  My Pretty sweet Boy:
Before I do Rock thee,
  With soft Lul-la-by;
Give me thy sweet Lips,
  To be Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

Thy Charming high Fore-head,
  Thy Eyes too like Sloes;
Thy fine Dimple Chin,
  And thy right *Roman* Nose;
With some pretty marks,
  That lie under thy Cloaths;
Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
  To Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

To make thee grow quickly,
  I'll do what I can:

I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
  I'll make thee a Man:
Ah! then how the Lasses,
  Moll, *Betty* and *Nan*;
By thee will run Mad,
  To be Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

And when in due Season,
  My *Billy* shall Wed;
And Lead a young Lady,
  From Church to the Bed:
A Welfare the loosing,
  Of her Maiden-Head;
If *Billy* come near her,
  To Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

Then Welfare high Fore-head,
  And Eyes black as Sloes;
And Welfare the Dimple,
  And Welfare the Nose:
And all pretty Marks,
  That lie under the Cloaths;
For none is more hopeful,
  To Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

JOY TO THE BRIDEGROOM! FILL THE SKY

[*c.* 1707]

[By T. DURFEY; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), ii. 228].

Joy to the Bridegroom! fill the Sky
With pleasing sounds of welcome Joy:
Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
And every Day still prove like this.
Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
And every Day still prove like this.

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
But where two constant Hearts Combine;
He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
Like sick Men tasts, but cannot eat.
He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
Like sick Men tasts, but cannot eat.

What is a Maiden-head? ah what?
Of which weak Fools so often prate?
'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boast,
Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.

'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boast,
Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.

Fill me a Glass then to the brink,
And its Confusion here I'll drink;
And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
May he die young, and then be D——
And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
May he die young, and then be D——

"'TWAS WHEN THE SHEEP WERE SHEARING"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 248].

'Twas when the Sheep were Shearing,
  And under the Barly Mow;
Dick gave to *Doll* a Fairing,
  As she had milk'd her Cow:
Quoth he, I fain wou'd Wed thee,
  And tho' I cannot Wooe;
I've Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy;
  Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now,
Sing, ah! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now?
    I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,
And merrily Buckle too,
With Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy,
  Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now,
Sing ah! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now?

Doll seem'd not to regard him,
  As if she did not care;
Yet Simper'd when she heard him,
  Like any Miller's Mare:
And cunningly to prove him,

And Value her Maiden-head,
Cry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by,
For I am too young to Wed;
She said, she ne'er cou'd Love him,
Nor any Man close in Bed;
Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by,
For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
Stood *Dickey* to hear her talk;
All hopes to get her under,
This sad resolve did baulk:
At last he swore, grown bolder,
He'd hire some common Shrew;
For hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now?
In Loving Arms did fold her,
E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry;
With hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy folly,
And stubborn Female will;
Poor *Doll* grew Melancholy,
The Grist went by her Mill:
I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser,
Than credit what I have said;
Tho' I do cry nay fie, and pish, and prithee
stand by,

That I am too young to Wed;
Bring you the Church adviser,
And dress up the Bridal Bed;
Then try, tho' I cry, fie and pish, and prithee
stand by,
If I am too young to Wed.

"RISE BONNY KATE"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 262].

Rise Bonny *Kate*, the Sun's got up high,
The Fidlers have play'd their last merry Tune;
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy Health ize drink my three quarts,
Then raffle among the Beauties divine;
Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts,
Assure thy self *Jockey's* shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,
And Feast on each other as well as our meat;
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-hill,
And there, there, there, consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin;
I'll push on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly, recov'r all agen.

For thy diversion coud'st thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spight of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,
The Men of the Sword, and Men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New Marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each Morning quaff largely in hopes to conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take Nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes five too, that's vex'd with her Greens;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever she comes to her Teens.

"THE SUN HAD LOOS'D HIS WEARY TEAM"

[*c.* 1707]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707), i. 75].

The Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
  And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptunes* Stream,
  His *Thetis* was embracing:
The Stars they tripp'd in the Firmament,
  Like Milkmaids on a *May-day;*
Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,
  Or School Boys on a Play-day.

Apace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,
  The Herds in Fields were lowing;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
  The Ploughman's Cock sate crowing:
When *Roger* dreaming of Golden Joys,
  Was wak'd by a bawling Rout, Sir;
For *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
  His *Juggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
  At the tapping a good Ale Firkin;

As *Roger*, Hosen and Shoon had found,
And Button'd his Leather Jerkin:
Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right Sir;
And thus he to an old Midwife ride,
To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up dear Mother, then *Roger* crys,
The Fruit of my Labour's now come;
In *Juggy's* Belly it sprawling lies,
And cannot get out till you come:
I'll help it, crys the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
Thy *Jug* shall be well again, Boy;
I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now bustles with all her feet,
No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
At last into the good House they get,
And Mew, soon cry'd the bantling:
A Female Chit so small was born,
They put it into a Flagon;
And must be Christen'd that very Morn,
For fear it should die a *Pagan*.

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Conde;*
The Midwife crys, her Parts are small,
But they will grow larger one day:

What tho' her Thighs and Legs lie close,
  And little as any Spider;
They will when up to her teens she grows,
  By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
  The Gossips were void of shame too;
In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
  Demands the Infant's Name too;
Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
  But *Kate* was allow'd the best hin't;
For she would have it *Cunicula*,
  Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

Thus *Cunny* of *Winchester* was known
  And famous in *Kent* and *Dover;*
And highly rated in *London* Town,
  And courted the Kingdom over:
The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,
  Subdues each human Creature;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
  Whilst there is a Man in Nature.

THE SAINT TURN'D SINNER; or, THE DISSENTING PARSON'S TEXT UNDER THE QUAKER'S PETTICOATS

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 307].

You Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I shall now declare, Sir,
Before you are aware, Sir,
The matter very plain,
The matter very plain;
A Gospel Cushion Thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And something else beside, Sir,
If he is not bely'd, Sir,
This was a Holy Guide, Sir
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Flesh was so unruly,
He could not for his Life, Sir,
Pass by the Draper's Wife, Sir,

The spirit was so faint,
The spirit was so faint;
This Jolly handsome Quaker,
As he did overtake her,
She made his Mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her,
Such Sin is no great matter,
Accounted by a Saint.

Says he, my pretty Creature,
Your Charming Handsome Feature,
Has set me all on Fire,
You know what I desire,
There is no harm to Love;
There is no harm to Love;
Quoth she, if that's your Notion,
To Preach up such Devotion,
Such hopeful Guides as you, Sir,
Will half the World undo, Sir,
A Halter is your due, Sir,
If you such Tricks approve.

The Parson still more eager,
Than lustful Turk or Neger,
Took up her Lower Garment,
And said there was no harm in't,
According to the Text;
According to the Text;
For Solomon more wiser,

Than any dull adviser,
Had many Hundred Misses,
To Crown his Royal Wishes,
And why shou'd such as this is,
Make you so sadly vext.

The frighted female Quaker,
Perceiv'd what he would make her,
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And stop what he was hatching,
To spoil the Light within,
To spoil the Light within;
They came to her Assistance,
And she did make resistance,
Against the Priest and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were so Grand uncivil,
To tempt a Saint to Sin.

The Parson then confounded,
To see himself surrounded,
With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,
Whose Business 'tis to catch Men,
In Lewdness with a Punk,
In Lewdness with a Punk;
He made some faint Excuses,
And all to hide Abuses,
In taking up the Linnen,
Against the Saints Opinion,

Within her soft Dominion,
Alledging he was Drunk.

But tho' he feigned Reeling,
They made him Pay for feeling,
And Lugg'd him to a Prison,
To bring him to his Reason,
Which he had lost before;
Which he had lost before;
And thus we see how Preachers,
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so Fleshly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To lye with any Whore.

"UNDERNEATH THE CASTLE WALL"

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 261].

Underneath the Castle Wall, the Queen of
  Love sat mourning,
Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Rose,
  Cheeks adorning;
With her Lilly white Hand she smote her Breasts,
And said she was forsaken,
With that the Mountains they did skip,
And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten Hedge, the Tinkers
  Wife sat shiting,
Tearing of a Cabbage Leaf, her shitten A—
  A wiping;
With her cole black Hands she scratch'd her A—
  And swore she was beshitten,
  With that the Pedlars all did skip,
  And the Fidlers fell a spitting.

THE HOPEFUL BARGAIN; or, A FARE FOR A HACKNEY-COACHMAN

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 24].

There lives an Ale-draper near New-palace-yard,
  Who used to Jerk the Bum of his Wife;
And she was forced to stand on her Guard,
  To keep his Clutches from her Quoiff:
She poor Soul the weaker Vessel,
  To be reconcil'd was easily won;
He held her in scorn,
  But she Crown'd him with Horn,
    Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,
  And she was very willing to go;
And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House,
  That he by himself his Horn might blow:
A Hackney Coachman he did buy her,
  And was not this a very good Fun;
With a dirty Pinner,
  As I am a Sinner,
    Without Hood or Scarff, but rough as she run

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three Men was handed away;
He for her Husband did care not a Fart,
He kept her one whole Night and Day:
Then honest Judge the Coachman bought her,
And was not this most cunningly done?
Gave for her five Shilling,
To take her was willing,
Without Hood or Scarff, but rough as she run.

The Cuckold to Judge, a Letter did send,
Wherein he did most humbly crave;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouse again I fain would have:
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what she e'er has done;
I swear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood and Scarff, but rough as she run.

He sent an old Baud to interceed,
And to perswade her to come back;
That he might have one of her delicate breed,
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack:
Therefore prithee now come to me,
Or else poor I shall be undone:
Then do not forgo me,
But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarff, tho' rough as she run.

The Coachman then with much ado,
Did suffer the Baud to take her out;
Upon the Condition that she would be true,
And let him have now and then a Bout:
But he took from her forty Shillings,
And gave her a parting Glass at the Sun;
And then with good buyt' ye,
Discharged his Duty,
And turn'd her a grazing, rough as she run.

The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,
And gave him a Treat at his own Expence;
They drown'd all Cares in full brimmers of Wine,
He made him as welcome as any Prince:
There was all the Hungregation,
Which from Cuckolds-Point was come;
They kissed and fumbled,
They touzed and tumbled,
He was glad to take her rough as she run.

Judge does enjoy her where he list,
He values not the old Cuckold's Pouts;
And she is as good for the Game as e'r pist,
Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Clouts:
She rants and revels when she pleases,
And to end as I begun,
The Horned Wise-acre,
Is forced to take her
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

THE LASCIVIOUS LOVER AND THE COY LASS

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 242].

Pish fye, you're rude Sir,
  I never saw such idle fooling;
You're grown so lewd Sir,
  So debauch'd I hate your ways;
Leave, what are you doing?
I see you seek my ruin,
  I'll cry out, pray make no delay,
  But take your Hand away;
Ah! good Sir, pray Sir, don't you do so,
Never was I thus abus'd so,
  By any Man, but you alone,
Therefore Sir, pray begone.

THE FEMALE SCUFFLE

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 18; tune, *Packington's Pound*].

Of late in the Park a fair Fancy was seen,
Betwixt an old Baud and a lusty young Quean;
Their parting of Money began the uproar,
I'll have half says the Baud, but you shan't says the Whore:
Why 'tis my own House,
I care not a Louse,
I'll ha' three parts in four, or you get not a Souse.

'Tis I, says the Whore, must take all the Pains,
And you shall be damn'd e'er you get all the Gains;
The Baud being vex'd, straight to her did say,
Come off wi' your Duds, and I pray pack away,
And likewise your Ribbonds, your Gloves, and your Hair,
For naked you came, and so out you go bare;
Then Buttocks so bold,
Began for to Scold,
Hurrydan was not able her Clack for to hold.

Both Pell-Mell fell to't, and made this uproar,
With these Compliments, th'art a Baud, th'art a
Whore;
The Bauds and the Buttocks that liv'd there around,
Came all to the Case, both Pockey and Sound,
To see what the reason was of this same Fray,
That did so disturb them before it was Day;
If I tell you amiss,
Let me never more Piss,
This Buttocks so bold she named was Siss.

By Quiffing with Cullies three Pound she had got,
And but one part of four must fall to her Lot;
Yet all the Bauds cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
Unless she will yield to return her half share;
If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
And turn her abroad with a slit o' the Nose:
Who when she did see,
There was no Remedy,
For her from the Tyranous Bauds to get free;
The Whore from the Money was forced to yield,
And in the Conclusion the Baud got the Field.

THE LOYAL DELIGHTS OF A CONTENTED MIND

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 239; words by Mr. MUMFORD; set by HENRY PURCELL].

Oh how Happy's he, who from Business free,
Can Enjoy his Mistress, Bottle, and his Friend:
Not confin'd to State, nor the Pride of the Great;
Only on himself, not others doth depend:
Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex him:
If the World goes well, a Bumper crowns his Joys,
If it be not so than he takes of two;
Till succeeding Glasses, Thinking doth destroy.

When his Noddle reels, he to Cælia steals;
And by Pleasures unconfin'd runs o'er the Night;
In the Morning wakes, a pleasing Farewel takes,
Ready for fresh Tipling, and for new Delight:
When his Table's full, oh, then he hugs his Soul;

And drinking all their Healths, a Welcome doth express:
When the Cloth's removed, then by all approv'd,
Comes the full grace Cup, Queen Anna's good success.

"NOW TO YOU YE DRY WOOERS"

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 140; set by Mr. CLARKE].

Now to you ye dry Wooers,
Old Beaus, and no doers,
So doughty, so gouty,
So useless and toothless,
Your blindless, cold kindness,
  Has nothing of Man;
Still doating, or gloating,
Still stumbling, or fumbling,
Still hawking, still baulking,
  You flash in the Pan:
Unfit like old Brooms,
For sweeping our Rooms,
You're sunk and you're shrunk,
  Then repent and look to't;
In vain you're so upish, in vain you're so upish,
  You're down ev'ry foot.

THE COY LASS DRESS'D UP IN HER BEST COMMODE AND TOP-KNOT

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 212].

Do not rumple my Top-knot,
I'll not be kiss'd to Day;
I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,
Thus on a Holy-day:
Then if your Rudeness you don't leave,
No more is to be said;
See this long Pin upon my Sleeve,
I'll run up to the Head:
And if you rumple my head Gear,
I'll give you a good flurt on the Ear.

Come upon a Worky-day,
When I have my old Cloaths on;
I shall not be so nice nor Coy,
Nor stand so much upon:
Then hawl and pull, and do your best,
Yet I shall gentle be:
Kiss hand, and Mouth, and feel my Breast,
And tickle to my Knee:
I won't be put out of my rode,
You shall not rumple my Commode.

THE MAID OF LYN

[*c.* 1709]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1709), iv. 129].

On *Brandon* Heath, in sight of *Methwold* Steeple,
In *Norfolk* as I Rode along,
I met a Maiden with Apples laden,
And thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song:
Kiss me said I, She answer'd no,
And still she cry'd I won't, I won't, I won't do so;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth she good Sir; quoth she good Sir, good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

'Twas Summer season then, and sultry weather,
Which put this fair Maid in a Sweat;
Said I come hither, let us together,
Go try to lay this scorching heat:
But she deny'd, the more I cry'd,
And answer'd no, and seem'd to go;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

To Kiss this Maiden, then was my intent,
I felt her Hand, and snowy Breast;

With much perswasion, she shew occasion,
That I was free to do the rest:
Then in we went and Six-pence spent,
I cry'd my Dear, she cry'd forbear;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth she good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

Three times I try'd to satisfie this Maiden,
And she perceiv'd her Lover's pain;
Then I wou'd go, but she cry'd no,
And bid me try it o'er again:
She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,
Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know;
Where I might see this Maid again,
Quoth she Good Sir, I live in *Lyn*.

THE LONDON PRENTICE

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 342].

A Worthy *London* Prentice,
Came to his Love by Night;
The Candles were lighted,
The Moon did shine so bright:
He knocked at the Door,
To ease him of his Pain;
She rose and let him in Love,
And went to Bed again.

He went into the Chamber,
Where his true Love did lye;
She quickly gave consent,
For to have his Company:
She quickly gave consent,
The Neighbours peeping out;
So take away your Hand,
Love let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown Love,
My Mistress should it know;

I'll in my Smock step down Love,
And I'll out the Candle blow;
The Streets they are so nigh,
And the People walk about;
Some may peep in and spy Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistress,
Upon the Bed do lye;
Injoying one another,
Why should not you and I:
My Master kiss'd my Mistress,
Without any fear or doubt;
And we'll kiss one another,
Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly,
Of what we have to do;
Least that our noise of Talking,
Should make our Pleasure rue:
For kissing one another,
Will make no evil rout;
Then let us now be silent,
And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
He could no longer stay;
She strove to blow the Candle out,
And push'd his Hand away:

The young Man was so hasty,
To lay his Arms about;
But she cryed I pray Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,
The Maiden she did blow;
But how the Candle went out,
Alas I do not know:
Said she I fear not now, Sir,
My Master nor my Dame;
And what this Couple did, Sir,
Alas I dare not Name.

"THE NIGHT IS COME THAT WILL ALLOW"

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 330; set by Mr. FRANK].

The Night is come that will allow,
No longer any Coyness now,
But every freedom must to Love be given;
What tho' the Shadows of the Night,
Withdraw her Beauty from his sight,
The Youth another way, another way,
Another way will find his Heav'n.

See, see the charming Nymph is lay'd,
Never again to rise a Maid,
The vigorous Bridegroom now impatient grown;
Thrown himself by her side,
With eager Joy, and amourous Pride,
Ready to seize the Prey that's now his own.

And now that all have left the Place,
Transporting Joys crowd on apace,

The Nymph contends like one that would not win;
Entrain'd with Pleasure now she lies,
The Youth has gain'd the noble Prize,
And now her Fears are past, and Joys begin.

THE TRAVELLING TINKER, AND THE COUNTRY ALE-WIFE:

OR

THE LUCKY MENDING OF THE LEAKY COPPER

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 296].

A Comely Dame of *Islington*,
  Had got a leaky Copper;
The Hole that let the Liquor run,
  Was wanting of a Stopper:
A Jolly *Tinker* undertook,
  And promised her most fairly;
With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
  To do her Business rarely.

He turn'd the Vessel to the Ground,
  Says he a good old Copper;
But well may't Leak, for I have found
  A Hole in't that's a whopper:
But never doubt a *Tinkers* stroke,
  Altho' he's black and surly,

With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
He'll do your Business purely.

The Man of Mettle open'd wide,
His Budget's mouth to please her,
Says he this Tool we oft employ'd,
About such Jobbs as these are:
With that the Jolly *Tinker* took,
A Stroke or two most kindly;
With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
He did her Business finely.

As soon as Crock had done the Feat,
He cry'd 'tis very hot ho;
This thrifty Labour makes me Sweat,
Here, gi's a cooling Pot ho:
Says she bestow the other Stroke,
Before you take your Farewel;
With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
And you may drink a Barrel.

THE DISAPPOINTED TAYLOR:

OR

GOOD WORK DONE FOR NOTHING

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 292].

A Taylor good Lord, in the Time of Vacation
When Cabbage was scarce and when Pocket was low,
For the Sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion,
To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldy Row:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his Garret,
To tell what he Ow'd, that his Store he might know;
Says he it is all very right I declare it,
Says she then I hope you will pay e'er I go?
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, &c.

Says Prick-Louse my Jewel, I love you most dearly,
My Breast every Minute still hotter does grow,
I'll only says she for the Juice of my Barly,
And other good Drink in my Cellar below:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, &c.

Says he you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,
Which I dare not Name, and you care not to show;
Says she I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
What is it you Mean, and pray where does it grow;
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, &c.

Says he 'tis a Thing that has never a handle,
'Tis hid in the Dark, and it lies pretty low;
Says she then I fear that you must have a Candle,
Or else the wrong way you may happen to go:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, &c.

Says he was it darker than ever was Charcole,
Tho' I never was there, yet the way do I know:
Says she if it be such a terrible dark Hole,
Don't offer to Grope out your way to it so:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, &c.

Says he you shall see I will quickly be at it,
For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;
Says she do not tousle me so for I hate it,
I vow by and by you will make me cry oh:
So they both went to work,
Now a Kiss, then a Jirk,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the business was over,
Says he you will rub out the Score e'er you go;
Says she I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,
I'm not such a Fool I would have you to know;
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, &c.

THE LOVING COUPLE:

OR

THE MERRY WEDDING

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 286].

A Jolly young *Grocer* of *London Town*,
  Fell deeply in Love with his Maid:
And often he courted her to lye down,
  But she told him she was afraid:
    Sometimes he would struggle,
    But still she would Boggle,
And never consent to his wicked Will;
    But said he must tarry,
    Until he would marry,
And then he should have his fill.

But when that he found he could not obtain,
  The Blessing he thus pursu'd;
For tho' he had try'd her again and again,
  She vow'd she would not be leud:
    At last he submitted,
    To be so outwitted,

As to be catch'd in the Nuptial snare;
Altho' the young Hussie,
Before had been busie,
With one that she lov'd more dear.

The Morning after they marry'd were,
The Drums and the Fiddles came;
Then oh what a thumping and scraping was there,
To please the new marry'd Dame:
There was fiddle come fiddle,
With hey diddle diddle,
And all the time that the Musick play'd;
There was Kissing and Loving,
And Heaving and Shoving,
For fear she should rise a Maid.

But e'er three Months they had marry'd been,
A Thumping Boy popp'd out;
Ads—— says he you confounded Queen,
Why what have you been about?
You're a Strumpet cries he,
You're a Cuckold cries she,
And when he found he was thus betray'd;
There was Fighting and Scratching,
And Rogueing and Bitching,
Because she had prov'd a Jade.

MISS CUDDY

[*c.* 1720].

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 268].

Poor *Sawney* had marry'd a Wife,
And he knew not what to do with her;
For she'd eat more Barly-bread,
Then he knew how to give her:
We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,
The Wool and the Horns together;
And we will make Broth of that,
And we'll all sup together,
We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,
The Horns shall serve for Bread,
By this you may understand,
The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head:
And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

Some shall lig at the Head,
And some shall lig at the Feet,
Miss *Cuddy* wou'd lig in the middle,
Because she'd have all the Sheet:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

Miss *Cuddy* got up in the Loft,
And *Sawney* wou'd fain have been at her,
Miss *Cuddy* fell down in her Smock,
And made the glass Windows to clatter:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

The Bride she went to Bed,
The Bridegroom followed after,
The Fidler crepp'd in at the Feet,
And they all lig'd together,
We'll all lig together, we will all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

THE YIELDING LASS

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 222].

There's none so Pretty,
As my sweet *Betty,*
  She Bears away the Bell;
For sweetness and neatness,
And all Compleatness,
  All other Girls doth excell.

Whenever we meet,
She'll lovingly greet,
  Me still, with a how d'ye do;
Well I thank you, quoth I,
Then she will reply,
  So am I Sir, the better for you.

Then I ask'd her how,
She told me, not now,
  For Walls, and Ears, and Eyes;
Nay, she bid me take heed,
What ever I did,
  'Tis good to be merry and Wise.

I took her by th' Hand,
She did not withstand,
  And I gave her a smirking Kiss
She gave me another,
Just like the tother,
  Quoth I, what a Comfort is this?

This put me in Heart,
To play o'er my part,
  That I had intended before;
She bid me to hold,
And not be too bold,
  Until she had fastned the Door.

She went to the Hatch,
To see that the Latch,
  And Cranies were all cock-sure;
And when she had done,
She bid me come on,
  For now we were both secure.

And what we did there,
I dare not declare,
  But think that silence is best;
And if you will know,
Why I Kiss'd her, or so,
  I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

THE MAIDS CONJURING BOOK

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 180].

A Young Man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one Night;
He had no sooner lay'd him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite:
So vigorously the Spirit stood,
Let him do what he can,
Sure then he said it must be lay'd,
By Woman, not by Man.

A Handsome Maid did undertake,
And into Bed she leap'd;
And to allay the Spirits Power,
Full close to him she crep'd:
She having such a Guardian care,
Her office to discharge;
She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
And lay'd the Leaves at large.

Her office she did well perform,
Within a little space;

Then up she rose, and down he lay,
And durst not shew his Face;
She took her leave, and away she went,
When she had done the Deed;
Saying, if't chance to come again,
Then send for me with speed.

SALLY SWEETBREAD'S SOLILOQUY

[*c.* 1720]

[By HENRY CAREY; sung by Mrs. ROBERTS in the character of a Butcher's Wife].

Now ye good man's from home,
I could cast away care;
And with some brisk Fellow,
Steal out to the Fair;
But some are too bashful,
And others too bold
And Women's intentions,
Are not to be told.

But could I once meet
With a Spark to my mind,
One fit to be trusted,
I then might prove kind;
With him I'd steal out
And we'd range the Fair round,
Both eating and drinking
The best could be found.

O there I should see
All the Gentlemen Rakes,

And hear the sweet cry
Of Bear, Ale, Wine and Cakes;
While I in blue Apron
And clean Linen Gown;
Do allure the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town.

There's Fielding and Oates,
And there's Bullock and Hall
A Pinchbeck and Fawks
And the Devil and all:
I'd have the best places,
I'd see e'ry Sight;
And wanton in pleasure,
From Morning till Night.

Then home got secure
E'ar my Husband comes back,
And cry most demure
"What d'ye buy, what d'ye lack?"
What tho' I've been cheary,
Gallanted, and kiss'd?
No harm to my Deary,
If nothing is miss'd.

"HARK THE COCK CROW'D"

[*c.* 1720]

[A Broadside Song with music; words by T. DURFEY; set by J. CLARKE; music in *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* i. 311].

Hark the Cock crow'd, 'tis Day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly fair morning;
Up *Roger* and *James,* and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in:
Davy the drowzy and *Barnaby* bowzy,
At Breakfast we'll flout and we'll jear boys;
Sluggards shall chatter with Small-beer and Water,
Whilst you shall tope off the March beer, Boys.

Lasses that Snore for shame give it o'er,
Mouth open the Flies will be blowing;
To get us stout Hum when *Christmas* is come,
Away where the Barly is Mowing:
In your Smock sleeves too, go bind up the Sheaves too,
With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry;*
Then when work's over, at Night give each Lover,
A Hugg and a Buss in the Dairy.

Two for the Mow, and two for the Plow,
  Is then the next labour comes after;
I'm sure I hired four, but if you want more,
  I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter:
Roger the trusty, tell *Rachel* the lusty,
  The Barn's a brave place to steal Garters;
'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,
  And take it at Night for your Quarters.

THE COURTIER AND COUNTRY MAID

[*b.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 129].

[*Bombuy* and *Doppa*].

Bom. All you that either hear or read,
This Ditty is for your Delight:
Dop. 'Tis of a pretty Country Maid,
And how she served a courtly Knight.

'Twas in the flowry Spring,
The Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
Sate on the fresh green hawthorn Bush,
And Jug, jug, jug, and twee, twee, twee,
Most sweetly they did sing.

Bom. This courtly Knight, when Fields were green,
Dop. And *Sol* did genial Warmth inspire,
Com. A Farmer's Daughter late had seen,
Whose Face had set his Heart on Fire.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Dop. Oft to her Father's House he came,
Bom. And kindly was receiv'd there still,
Dop. The more be added to his Shame,
Since only 'twas to gain his Will.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

One Evening then amongst the rest
He came to visit the good Man,
But needs must know where *Clara* was,
And heard she was a milking gone.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then call'd he for his pamper'd Steed,
With Pistols at his Sadle Bow,
And to the Meadow rode with Speed,
Where she was milking of her Cow.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Her pretty Hands that stroak'd the Teats,
From whence the Milk down streaming came,
Inform'd his Thoughts of other Sweets,
That more encreas'd his raging Flame.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then off he lights, and tyes his Horse,
And swore she must his Pain remove,
If not by fair Means, yet by Force,
Since he was dying for her Love.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The pearly Tears now trickling fall,
That from her bashful Eyes do flow,
But that he heeded not at all,
But does her strait his Pistols shew.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

But first pull'd out a fine gay Purse,
Well lin'd within, as she might see,
And cry'd, before it happens worse,
Be wise, and take a Golden Fee.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Oh keep your Gold, reply'd the Maid,
I will not take your golden Fee,
For well you hope to be repay'd,
And greater Treasure take from me.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

A thundering Oath then out he sent,
That she should presently be dead;
For were his Heart not eas'd, he meant
Point blank to shoot her thro' the Head.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then making hast to seize her, went
And laid the Fire-Arms at her Feet,
Whilst *Clara* seeing his Intent,
Has no recourse to Aid, but Wit.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

She feigns a Smile, and clinging close,
  Cry'd out, I've now your Courage try'd,
Y'have met no simple Country Mouse,
  My Dear, you shall be satisfied.
        'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

My Father takes me for a Saint,
  Tho' weary of my Maiden Geer,
That I may give you full Content,
  Pray look, Sir Knight, the Coast be clear.
        'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Look out, and see who comes and goes,
  And you shall quickly have your Will;
For if my Father nothing knows,
  Then I shall be a Maiden still.
        'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The witless Knight peeps o'er the Hedge,
  As one well pleas'd with what he heard,
Whilst she does both the Pistols snatch,
  And boldly stood upon her Guard.
        'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Keep off, keep off, Sir Fool, she cry'd,
  And from this Spot of Ground retire,
For if one Yard to me you stride,
  By my sav'd Maiden-head I fire.
        'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

My Father once a Soldier was,
  And Maids from Ravishers would free,
His Daughter too, in such a Case,
  Can shoot a Gun as well as he.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

For Soveraign too, when Foe invades,
  Can on Occasion bravely kill,
Not shoot, like you, at harmless Maids,
  That wont obey your Savage Will.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Who when the good old Man, whose Cheer
  Shew'd welcome, tho' of little cost,
A Rape thought on his Daughter dear,
  Most grateful way to pay your Host.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Go home, ye Fop, where Game's not dear,
  And for half Crown a Doxey get,
But seek no more a Partridge here,
  You could not keep, tho' in your Net.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

At this the Knight look'd like a Mome,
  He sues and vows, but vain was all,
She soon convey'd the Trophies home,
  And hung up in her Father's Hall.
    'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

THE PARSON AMONG THE PEAS

[*b.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 39; words by T. DURFEY; set by HENRY PURCELL].

One long *Whitson* Holliday,
Holliday, Holliday, 't was a Jolly day;
Young *Ralph*, Buxom *Phillida*, *Phillida*, a welladay,
Met in the *Peas:*
They long had community,
He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity,
scanting was wanting their bosoms to Ease:
But now Fortunes Cruelty, Cruelty,
You will see, for as they lye,
In close Hugg, Sir *Domine Gemini*, *Gomini*,
chanc'd to come by;
He read Prayers i' th' Family,
No way now to frame a Lie,
They scar'd at old Homily, Homily, Homily,
both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the Sight, full of Spight,
As a Kite runs the Recubite,
Like a noisy *Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Hypocrite,*
mischief to say;
Save he, wou'd fair *Phillida, Phillida, Phillida:*
Drest that Holy day,
But poor *Ralph*, Ah welladay, welladay, welladay,
turn'd was away,
Ads niggs crys Sir *Domini, Gemini, Gomini,*
Shall a Rogue stay,
To baulk me as commonly, commonly, commonly,
has been his way,
No I serve the Family,
They no nought to blame me by,
I'll read Prayers and Homily, Homily, Homily,
three times a day.

THE PLAY-HOUSE SAINT:

OR

PHILLIS UNMASKED

[*b.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* i. 143].

Near famous *Covent-Garden*
A Dome there stands on high;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
Where Kings are represented,
And Queens in Metre dye;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
The Beaus and Men of Business
Diversions hither bring,
To hear the wanton Doxies prate,
And see 'em dance and sing;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Here *Phillis* is a Darling,
As she her self gives out,
For a fa, la, la, la,
As tight a Lass as ever
Did use a Double Clout,
On her fa, la, la, la, &c.

She's brisk and gay, and cunning,
And wants a Wedlock Yoke,
Her Mother was before her
As good as ever strook
For a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Young Suitors she had many,
From 'Squire, up to the Lord,
For her fa, la, la, la, &c.
And daily she refus'd 'em,
For Vertue was the Word;
With her fa, la, la, la, &c.
A Saint she would be thought,
And dissembled all she could,
But jolly Rakes all knew she was
Of Play-house Flesh and Blood,
And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Her Mother when incourag'd
With warm *Geneva* Dose,
And a fa, la, la, la, &c.
Still cry'd, take care dear *Philly*,
To keep thy Hanches close,
And this fa, la, la, la, &c.
This made her stand out stoutly,
Opposing all that come,
Though twenty Demi-Cannon
Still were mounted at her Bum,
And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

The Knight and Country Squire
  Were shot with her disdain,
    And her fa, la, la, la, &c.
The Lawyer was outwitted,
  The hardy Soldier slain,
    By her fa, la, la, la, &c.
The bluff Tarpolian Sailor
  In vain cry'd hard a Port,
She buffled Shirks at Sea,
  As the Country, Town, and Court;
    With her fa, la, la, la, &c.

The God of Love grown angry,
  That *Phillis* seemed so shy,
    Of her fa, la, la, la, &c.
Resolv'd her Pride to humble,
  And rout her pish and fie;
He sent a splayfoot Taylor,
  Who knew well how to stitch,
And in a little time had found
  A Button for her Britch,
    And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Yet was it not so close,
  But 'tis known without all Doubt,
    With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
A little humane Figure
  Has secretly dropp'd out,
    From her fa, la, la, la, &c.

And tho' some petty Scandal
  Pursue this Venial Fact,
Her Mother she swears Zoons and C——t
  Her Honour is intact,
    And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Oh *Phillis,* then be wise,
  And give Ease to Lover's rack'd,
    For your fa, la, la, la, &c.
Let Coyness be abated,
  You know the Pitcher's crack'd,
    By a fa, la, la, la, &c.
For shame, let lowsie Taylors
  No more your Love trapan,
Since nine of 'em, you know 'tis said,
  Can hardly make a man;
    With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

THE WILLOUGHBY WHIM

[*b.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy,* i. 169; by DURFEY].

Molly. Oh *Jenny, Jenny,* where hast thou been?
Father and Mother are seeking for thee,
You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of *Jockey* Company.

Jenny. Oh *Molly,* I've been to hear Mill clack,
And grind Grist for the Family,
Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
For the Miller has tooken his Foll of me.

Molly. You hang your Smickets abroad to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?
Jenny. I slipt down in the quickset Hedge,
And *Jockey* the Loon fell after me.

Molly. My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
When Prayers were done, where could you be?
Jenny. Taking a Kiss of the Parson and Clerk,

And of other young Laddys some two or three.

Molly. Oh *Jenny, Jenny*, what wilt thou do,
If Belly should swell, where wilt thou be?
Jenny. Look to your self for *Jockey* is true,
And whilst Clapper goes will take care of me.

THE JILTS

[*c.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 32].

On a Bank in flowry *June*,
  When Groves are green and gay;
In a smiling Afternoon,
  With *Doll* young *Willy* lay:
They thought none were to spy 'em,
But *Nell* stood list'ning by 'em;
  Oh fye! *Doll* cry'd, no, I vow, I'de rather dye;
Than wrong my Modesty:
Quoth *Nell*, that I shall see.

Smarting pain the Virgin finds,
  Although by Nature taught,
When she first to Man inclines;
  Quoth *Nell* I'll venture that.
Then who would loose a Treasure
For such a puney Pleasure?
  Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and dye,
And to my Vow be true:
Quoth *Nell*, the more fool you.

To my Closet I'll repair,
  And Godly Books peruse;
Then devote my self to Pray'r,
  Quoth *Nell*, and —— use;
You Men are all perfidious,
But I will be Religious.
  Try all, fly all, whil'st I have Breath deny ye all,
For the Sex I now despise:
Quoth *Nell*, by G—d she lies.

Youthful Blood o'respreads her Face,
  When Nature prompts to Sin:
Modesty ebbs out apace,
  And Love as fast flows in:
The Swain that heard this schooling,
Asham'd, left off his fooling;
  Kill me, kill me, now I am ruin'd, let me dye:
You have damn'd my Soul to Hell;
Try her once again, cries *Nell*.

"SHE MET WITH A COUNTRY-MAN"

[*b.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1720), vi. 31; tune, *Roger de Coverley*, in PLAYFORD'S *Division Violin*].

She met with a Country-man,
In the middle of all the Green;
And *Peggy* was his Delight,
And good Sport was to be seen.

But ever she cry'd brave *Roger*,
I'll drink a whole Glass to thee;
But as for *John* of the Green,
I care not a Pin for him.

Bulls and Bears, and Lyons, and Dragons
And O brave *Roger* a *Cauverly;*
Piggins and Wiggins, Pints and Flaggons,
O brave *Roger* a *Cauverly.*

He took her by the middle,
And taught her by the Flute;
Well done brave *Roger* quoth she,
Thou hast not left thy old Wont.

But ever she cry'd brave *Roger*,
I'll drink a whole Glass to thee;
But as for *John* of the Green,
I care not a Pin for him.

He clap'd her upon the Buttock,
And forth she let a Fart;
My Belly, quoth she, is eased by thee,
And I thank thee *Roger* for't.

YOUNG COLLIN, CLEAVING OF A BEAM

[*b.* 1720]

[From *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 290; *A Catch for three Voices;* set by HENRY PURCELL; translated from the Latin of BUCHANAN].

Young *Collin*, cleaving of a Beam,
At ev'ry Thumping, thumping blow cry'd hem;
And told his Wife, and told his Wife,
And told his Wife who the Cause would know,
That Hem made the Wedge much further go:
Plump *Joan*, when at Night to Bed they came,
And both were Playing at that same;
Cry'd Hem, hem, hem prithee, prithee, prithee
Collin do,
If ever thou lov'dst me, Dear, hem now;
He laughing answer'd no, no, no,
Some Work will Split, will split with half a blow;
Besides now I Bore, now I bore, now I bore,
Now, now, now I bore,
I Hem when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

THE MILL, MILL— O —

[*b.* 1731]

[An old Scots countryside song; from *Musical Miscellany*, vi. 76; also in *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800), collected by BURNS].

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,
  Was sleeping sound and still, O;
A lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
  Around her wi' good will, O;
Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest
  She stirr'dna my joy to spill, O,
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
  And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
  T' employ my courage and skill, O,
Frae her quietly I saw, hoist sails and awa,
  For the wind blew fair on the billow.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
  Tauld me, with a voice right shrill, O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
  Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I ferlyin' speir'd how she fell, O,
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, "let me die,
"Sweet sir, gin I can tell, O."
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expel, O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man,
Wha had done her the deed mysel', O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling hill, O;
If I did offence, I'll make ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.
O the mill, mill, O; an' the kill, kill, O,
An' the coggin' of the wheel, O;
The sack an the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
An' round with a sodger reel, O.

ANOTHER VERSION

As I came down yon water side,
And by yon Shilling hill, O,
There I spied a bonny lass,
A lass that I lo'ed right weel, O.
The mill, mill, O; and the kill, kill, O,
An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
An' danc'd the miller's reel, O.

I spier'd at her, gin she cou'd play,
But the lassie had nae skill, O,
An' yet she wasna a' to blame,
She pat it in my will, O.
The mill, mill, O; and the kill, kill, O,
An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
An' danc'd the miller's reel, O.

Then she fell o'er, an' sae did I,
An' danc'd the miller's reel, O,
Whene'er that bonny lassie comes again,
She shall hae her ma't ground weel, O.
The mill, mill, O; and the kill, kill, O,
An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
An' danc'd the miller's reel, O.

ANNA

[1793]

[By BURNS; from *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *The Banks of Banna, or The Dearest o' the Quorum*. In April, 1793, Burns sent this song to Thomson, to suit "The Banks of Banna"—"made a good while ago"].

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine,
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss,
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana;
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna.

Awa thou flaunting God of Day!
  Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
  When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven-plumage, Night,
  Sun, moon and stars withdrawn a'!
An' bring an angel-pen to write
  My transports wi' my Anna.

POSTSCRIPT

The kirk and state may join and tell
  To do sic things I manna;
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
  An' I shall gae to Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my ee',
  To live but her I canna:
Had I on earth but wishes three,
  The first should be my Anna.

THE SUMMER MORN

[1794]

[By BURNS; from *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); tune, *The tither moon* or *Push about the jorum*; see letter to Geo. Thomson, 9 Dec. 1794].

When maukin-bucks at early fucks
In dewy glens are seen, Sir;
When birds, on boughs, tak aff their mows
Amang the leaves sae green, Sir;
Latona's son, looks liquorish on
Dame Nature's grand impetus,
Till his pegs rise, then westward flies
To roger Madam Thetis.

Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill,
An' glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, Sir,
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's arse beat time, Sir.

First, wi' the thrush, his thrust and pushed,
His pintle large and strong, Sir;
The blackbird next, his tunefu' text
Made him both bold and strong, Sir;
The linnet's lay then came in play,
An' the lark that soar'd aboon, Sir;
Till Damon, fierce, mistim'd his arse
An' spent quite out o' tune, Sir.

"YE'SE GET A HOLE TO HIDE IT IN"

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; from ***Merry Muses of Caledonia*** (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS; tune, ***Waukin' of the fauld***].

O will ye speak at our town
  As ye come frae the fair?
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
  Ye'se get a hole to hide it in.
Will ye speak at our town
  As ye come frae the fair
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in
  Will haud it a' and mair.

O haud awa your hand, sir,
  Ye gar me ay think shame;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in.
  An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
O haud awa your hand, sir,
  Ye gar me ay think shame;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
  An' think yoursel' at hame.

O will ye let me be, sir,
  Toots! now ye've reft my sark,

An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in.
O will ye let me be, sir,
Toots! now ye've reft my sark,
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Whaur ye may work your wark.

O haud awa your hand, sir,
Ye're like to make me daft;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in.
O haud awa your hand, sir,
Ye're like to make me daft;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
To keep it warm and saft.

O haud it in your hand, sir,
Till I get up my claes,
Now ride me, as you'd ride for life,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in.
O haud it in your hand, sir,
Till I get up my claes;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
To keep it frae the fleas.

ERROCH BRAE

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; probably revised by BURNS; tune, *Sir Alex. Don's Strathspey*].

O Erroch stane, may never maid
A maiden by thee gae,
Nor a chiel wi's stanin' graith
Gae stanin' down the brae.
For tillin' Erroch brae, young man,
For tillin' Erroch brae,
Needs an open fur an' stanin' graith
To till the Erroch brae.

As I sat by the Erroch stane,
Surveying far and near,
Up came a Cameronian
Wi' a' his preaching gear.
An' tillin' Erroch brae, young man, &c.

He flang the Bible o'er the brae
Amang the rashy gerse;
But the Solemn League and Covenant
He laid below my arse.
An' tillin' Erroch brae, young man, &c.

Yet still his pintle held the grip,
He bobbed me weel the holy man,
That a Synod cou'd na tell the bag
To whom it did belang.
An' tillin' Erroch brae, young man, &c.

A Prelate he loups on before,
A Catholic gets on behin',
But gie me a Cameronian,
He fucks me till I'm blind.
An' tillin' Erroch brae, young man, &c.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; from *Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS].

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
  An' she gaed o'er the muir to spin;
She fee'd a lad to lift her leg,
  They ca'd him Duncan Davidson.

Meg had a muff, and it was rough,
  'Twas black without, and red within;
An' Duncan, case he'd got a cauld,
  He slipped his highland pintle in.

Meg had a muff, and it was rough
  And Duncan strak twa nievefu' in,
Meg clapp'd her heels about his waist,
  "I thank you, Duncan! Yerk it in"!!!

Duncan made her hurdies dreep,
  "Brise yont, my lad," then Meg did say,—
"O gang thee east, or gang thee west,
  "My cunt will not be dry to-day."

THEY TOOK ME TO THE HOLY BAND

[*b.* 1796]

[An old Scots countryside song; this version from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (*c.* 1800); collected by BURNS; tune, *Clout the Cauldron*].

They took me to the holy band,
For playing wi' my wife, sir;
And long and sair they lectur'd me,
For playing wi' my wife, sir.

I answer'd in not mony words,
"What deil need a' this clatter?
"As lang as she cou'd keep the grig,
"I aye was mawing at her."

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T

[*b.* 1796]

[By BURNS; tune, *East Nork o' Fife*].

O wha my baby clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
O wha will kiss me where I lie;
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the fau't?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't.

And when I mount the creepie chair,
O wha will sit besides me there?
Just gie me Rob, I ask nae mair—
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't.

O wha will crack to me my lane?
And wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
O wha will kiss me o'er again?
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't.

SODGER LADDIE

[*c.* 1796]

[By BURNS; from *The Jolly Beggars*].

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
An' still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

The first of my loves was a swagg'rin' blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
He ventur'd the *soul*, and I risk'd the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot.
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.

An' now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
An' still I can joy in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

[*b.* 1796]

[By BURNS; from *The Jolly Beggars*].

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me to be my dear,
An' then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was "Whistle owre the lave o't."

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
An' O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
Sings whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursel's about the dyke,
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle o're the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade, &c.

I AM A BARD

[*b.* 1796]

[By BURNS; from *The Jolly Beggars;* tune, *A' that, an' a' that*].

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowrin' byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muse's stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly Will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear the decks, and here's the sex,
I like the jads for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that, &c.

THE COURT OF EQUITY

[*c.* 1796]

[By BURNS; from an autograph copy in the British Museum].

In TRUTH and HONOUR'S name.—Amen.
Know all men by these presents plain,
The *twelfth of May*, at Mauchline given,
The year 'tween eighty five and seven;
We, old practitioners by profession,
As per extracts frae Books o' Session,
In way and manner here narrated,
All *con amore* congregated,
Are by our brethren constituted
A COURT OF EQUITY; deputed,
With special authorised direction
To take within our strict protection
The open stay-laced *quondam* maiden,
With growing life, and anguish laden,
Who by the miscreant is denied
That led her thoughtless steps aside.
He who disowns the ruin'd fair one
And for her wants and woes doth care none;
The wretch who can deny subsistence

To life he raked into existence;
The coof wha stands on *clishmaclaver*,
When lasses halflins offer favour;
The sneak wha, at a lasses by-job
Defrauds her wi' a frig or dry-bob;
The knave who takes a private stroke
Beneath his sanctimonious cloak—
In short, all who in any manner,
Shall stain the Fornicator's Honour,—
To take cognizance there anent,
WE are the judges competent.

First,—poet BURNS he takes the chair,
Allow'd by all, his title's clear;
He shows a duplicate pretension
To pass *nem. con*—without dissension.

Next, merchant *Smith*, our trusty fiscal,
To cow each pertinacious rascal;
In this his very foes admit
His merit is conspicuous great.

Richmond, the third, our worthy clerk,
Our minutes he will duly mark;
A fit dispenser o' the law,
In absence o' the other twa.

And fourth, our messenger at arms,
When failing a' the milder terms,

Hunter, a willing, hearty brither,
Weel skilled in dead and living leather.

Without preamble less or more said,
We—body politic aforesaid—
Shall now, wi' due "whereas" and "wherefore",
Dispatch the business we cam here for,
And punish contravening truants,
At instance of our constituents;
And thus, by proper regulation,
We'll purge the lists of fornication.

Our fiscal here, by his petition
Informs us there is strong suspicion
That coachman *Dow*, and clocky *Brown*—
Baith residenters in this town,—
In other words, you, *Jock* and *Sandy*,
Hae been at warks o' *Houghmagandie*;
And now when facts are brought to light,
Those facts ye baith deny outright.

First, clocky *Brown*, there's witness borne,
And affidavit made and sworn
Last Mauchline February Fair
That Jeanie's masts ye laid them bare;
For ye had furled up her sails
And was at play o' heads and tails
And that ye wroucht a hurly-burly
In Jeanie Mitchell's *tirly-wurly*:

That ye her pend'lum tried to alter
And graizled at her regulator:
And further still, ye cruel vandal!—
A tale might e'en in hell be scandal—
That ye hae made repeated trials
Wi' dregs and droggs in doctor's vials
Mixt, as ye thought, in fell infusion,
Your ain-begotten wean to poison;
And yet ye are sae scant o' grace
As daur to lift your brazen face
And offer there to give your aith
Ye never lifted Jeanie's claith.

Next, *Sandy Dow*, ye are indicted—
As publicly ye hae been wyted—
For aft clandestinely up-whirlin'
The petticoats o' Maggy Borlan',
And gien her cannister a rattle
That months hereafter winna settle,
And yet, ye loon, ye still protest,
Ye never herried Maggy's nest;
Tho' it's weel-kenn'd that at her gyvel
Ye've done what Time will soon unravel.

Then, *Brown* and *Dow*, above designed
For clags and claims hereto subjoined
The Court aforesaid cite and summon
That on the fourth of June just comin',
The hour of cause, in our court-ha'

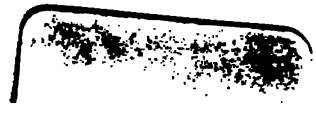
At Whitefoord Arms, ye'll answer a';
Exculpate proof ye needna bring
For we're resolved about the thing,—
Yet, as reluctantly we punish,
And rather would with zeal admonish,
We, for that *ancient secret* sake
You have the honour to partake,
And for that noble badge you wear,—
You, Sandy Dow, our brother dear,
We give you, as a man and mason,
This serious, sober, friendly lesson:
Your crime, a manly deed we trow it,
As man alone can rightly do it,
And he's nae man that won't avow't.

Therefore, confess, and join our core
And keep reproach outside the door.
The best o' men hae been surprised,
The doucest women been advised,
The cleverest lads hae had a trick o't,
The boniest lasses taen a lick o't;
Kings hae been proud our name to own—
The brightest jewel in their crown;
The rhyming sons o' bleak Parnassus,
Were ay red-wud about the lasses,
And soul and body, all would venture,
Rejoicing in our list to enter;
E'en (wha wad trow't?)—the cleric order
Aft slyly break the hallow'd border,

And show-in { kittle / certain } time and place—
They are as scant a' boasted grace,
As ony o' the human race.
So, Brother Dow, be not ashamed
In sic a *quorum* to be named,
But lift a dauntless brow upon it,
And say, 'I am the man has done it,--
I, Sandy Dow, gat Meg wi' bairn,
An' fit to do as much again!'

For you, John Brown, sae black your faut is,
Sae double-dyed, we gie you notice,
Without ye, by a quick repentance,
Acknowledge Jean's and your acquaintance
Remember this shall be your sentence:—
Our *beagles* to the Cross shall tak ye
And there shall mither-naked mak ye;
Around the rump a rope they'll tak,
And tye your hands ahint your back,
Wi' jist an ell of string allow'd
To jink and hide ye frae the crowd;
There shall ye stand a lawful seizure,
Induring Jeanie Mitchell's pleasure,
So be her pleasure don't surpass
Five turnings o' a hauf-hour glass;
Nor shall it in her pleasure be
To turn you looze in less than three.

This our *futurum esse* decreet,
We mean not to be kept a secret,
But in our Summons here insert it
And whoso dare—let him subvert it!

Thus, marked above, the date and place is,
Sigillum est, per *Burns* the presis;
This Summons, wi' the Signet mark,
Extractum est, per Richmond clerk;
At Mauchline, *idem* date of May
'Tween four and five, decline of day,
You twa, in *propria personæ,*
Before designed, Sandy and Johnie,
This Summons, legally you've got it,
As *vide* witness under-noted,
Within the house of John Dow, vintner,
Nunc facia hoc GULLELMUS HUNTER.

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